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THE STORY.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

They met each other in the glade—
She lifted up her eyes;
Alack the day! alack the maid!
She blushed with swift surprise.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from lifting up the eyes.

The pail was full, the path was steep—
He reached to her his hand;
She felt her warm young pulses leap,
But did not understand.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from clasping hand with hand.

She sat beside him in the wood—
He wooed with words and sighs;
Ah! love in Spring seems sweet and good,
And maidens are not wise.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from listing lovers sighs.

The Summer sun shone fairly down,
The wind blew from the south;
As blue eyes gazed in eyes of brown,
His kiss fell on her mouth.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from kissing on the mouth.

And now the Autumn time is near,
The lover roves away:
With breaking heart and falling tear,
She sits the livelong day.
Alas! alas! for breaking hearts when lovers rove away.

FAY ALLEYNE;

OR,

THE WIFE'S ORDEAL.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JESSIE OF THE PRINCE'S."

I.

SUNSHINE.

The sun is setting, the shadows deepening, the evening cooling, and still I stand at the gate—watching. So have I watched for nearly an hour, and yet Charley does not come. Is he never coming?

The day has been long, close, weary. Oh! how I long to see the dear handsome face again, and to hear the voice I love best! Into my expectant mind snatches of song come consolingly, and hummingly leave my lips. I have apostrophized that dear old mighty man "the Village Blacksmith," as he stands at ease under the chestnut tree. His work, no doubt, must be over by this time, and I can picture him at the door of that famous smithy * * Presently it occurs to me that the musical echoes from the imaginary anvil are not nearly so appropriate to my present situation as the thrilling story of "The Beating of my own Heart," so with subdued pathos I set off and wander (vocally) "by the mill stream." The climax (on the last page of the song as I well remember, for my enthusiastic rendering of it was spoilt once by a too officious leaf-turning)—well the climax rouses me, and with emotion I proceed to describe how "fast silent tears were flowing," etc. I begin to feel, indeed, as if my someone must "stand behind" after so pathetic an incantation, But the lyric spell has no power; my someone comes not, lays no hand upon my shoulder. A faint stirring in the branches of a tree overhead, as though the birds are trying to fly in their sleep, the lazy falling of a leaf carried by no breath of air, the distant tramp of a workman stumping over the gravelled path on the common, those are the only sounds that break the silence that is becoming oppressive. I begin to feel impatient, perhaps even a little cross, and I let the gate swing to and fro between my hands as an accompaniment to my next very appropriate ballad, "Somebody's waiting for Somebody."

Ah! how true. Isn't there always somebody waiting, all the world over? often enough in vain! Is it not also true that those most anxiously waited for are often the longest in coming?

So thinking, the very desire to sing has died within me. I am walking outwards with the gate, letting it swing no more, for darkness is creeping on, and why should I not wait in the road? Who will see me? Charley will scold me, but I don't much mind that. If only he were here to do so—now! At this moment the sound of a quick stepping horse's feet falls on my ear.

"At last!" I cried aloud, for I know this is he, my husband.

Regardless of the descending groom and Charley's oft repeated remonstrances, I fling the gate back with a jerk, and run to Romeo's head, and stop him then and there, for I know now his master must dismount, and will not be carried swiftly away from me up the broad sweep of gravel.

"Oh, how I have waited, Charley! How glad I am you have come at last!" As I speak I lay my hand on his arm, and we stand together, he watching his man and horse trotting off to the stable together, I watching him—"my man," as they say in German. True enough, the only one man in the world—for me.

When Charley had seen his belongings safely turn the sharp corner in the yard, he remembers my undignified proceeding in anticipating the groom, and Charley tries to look cross. As if I should allow him to frown, now at last that he has come home! He has a way of pondering before he speaks, and now his thoughts are still halfway to that attractive stable, although the scolding for me is rising to his lips. I can mostly guess the drift of such coming remarks, and this occasionally gives me an advantage, of which I am not slow to avail myself. So now I prepare for the storm before it has time to break.

"You are just going to scold me, Charley," say I, laughing, "and I will not be scolded. It was very wicked of me to open the gate, I know, and I am awfully sorry, and beg you will forgive me, just this once. I know that is Lake's work; I know I am not a lodgekeeper, and not a groom, and——there, surely I have said it all for you, haven't I, dear? May I be let off without another reproachful word, please—please? Do you know it is really your fault, Charley?"—This I say intending to carry war into the enemy's camp.—"You were so late, and I so weary of waiting, or indeed I should not have shocked you by such demonstrative delight. What are you going to say to me now, something nice, something dear!"

By this time we are in the porch. Roses and honeysuckles are climbing about us, and together with the evening shadows, hide us so completely that even Charley does not object to the liberty I am taking in laying my hands on his shoulders and lifting my face for a kiss. He actually stoops to lay his papers and umbrella on the stone balustrade, and so frees the arm with which he draws me close to him, and whispers his dear words of greeting.

By-and-by—dinner over—we sit out under the verandah. Charley is lazy, warm, tired. He is lounging in a low arm-chair, smoking contentedly, while I sit on a stool at his feet, resting my head against his knee. We are chatting placidly, and presently my husband says:

"Tell them to call me early, Fay, because I want to be off in time. No good to be done after one o'clock Saturday."

"You are not to go to town at all to-morrow," says I, coolly.

"Not to go to town, child!" he cries, amazed at my audacious assertion. As I do not explain, he adds, "What can you mean?"

"Mean? Just what I say, and this I will add, for your special information, you are not going out of our gate to-morrow without me."

Charley puffs clouds of smoke away in silence. He knows that this silence mostly provokes rapid speech from me. But on this occasion I do not rapidly declare the burden of my thoughts. So after a lengthened pause, Charley resumes:

"What will the seniors say if you come to the office with me to-morrow?"

"Never mind what the seniors say, we shall not be there to hear. You are not going to the office at all."

"Will you condescend to explain yourself, most enigmatical of British matrons?" he asks, laughing at my peremptory tone.

"Charley dear," I whisper, turning and looking straight up in his eyes, while something comes dimmingly into mine. "Have you quite forgotten?"

It is too dark for him to see me clearly, and he does not hear the tremble in my voice, so he says, without the slightest sentiment in his tone:

"Forgotten? Forgotten what? No breakfast or croquet on to-morrow, is there?"

His right hand, with that soothing pipe in it, has fallen over the arm of the chair, his left is closely clasped in both mine. I am standing before him now, and the light from the lamp within the room falls full upon my face, but he has not looked into it yet. In his quiet way he is pondering, and presently says:

"You are very much in earnest and very mysterious, Fay! Upon my word, I cannot remember! Eh, what—tears?" He jumps up, forgetting even that precious pipe, which falls from his hand. He, too, can be earnest where I am concerned, and in my heart I bless him.

"Only glad tears, Charley; quite happy ones, that come with a certain remembrance—to-morrow will be the longest day?"

"True, my queen, and our—yes, of course, actually the third, and I have not even a present for the little woman. You might have reminded me, I think." He seems quite vexed at his forgetfulness, and I hasten to reassure him.

"What can I possibly want with presents, Charley, when I have you for my very own? Sometimes I feel as if we were too happy, as if life were too bright, too delightful; and then I think such happiness cannot last. It is not good for women to be so perfectly content, and to have all their heart desires."

"Foolish child, what fancies!"

"Foolish, perhaps; but they are her fancies."

"Are you plotting any changes in this delicious honeymoon life of ours, wife?"

"God forbid. Have you never felt, Charley, that absolute happiness seems as though it could not last? We mortals are not able to hold it firmly. It is sure to slip from our grasp, be it never so tenacious, or to get stolen by some envious hand."

"You strange little Fay! Perhaps all that sounds plausible enough, but do you know, I think, as long as it depends on you and me, my dear, we shall manage to hold to our good fortune all the same. We seem to have nursed it pretty successfully for the last three years. Haven't we?"

There is no need for further speech. We understand one another. After a while Charley lifts up the neglected pipe.

"Shall I tell them to call you early, dear, as you wish to be in the office in good time?" I ask, for which polite inquiry I get a correcting tap on the shoulder.

"No, no, wife," he says; "you were right, as usual. No business for me to-morrow, but a real holiday. What shall we do with it?"

* * * * * * *

Can the glad sun shine upon a happier woman than I am on the morning of this twenty-first of June? That is the thought in my mind as I stand at the top of the stone steps that lead from our breakfast-room down into the garden and shrubbery. I have looped up my dainty white skirts preparatory to the morning stroll with my husband, who awaits me below. He is tying up a bunch of roses he has just gathered, and as I come down he offers them to me. A glorious posy! Crimson roses, creamy roses, pink roses, yellow roses, and a hanging cluster of fragile lint-white ones. Dewdrops still sparkle upon them, and they catch and brilliantly reflect the slanting sunbeams that glance at them through the waving leaves of the overhanging trees. Oh! those dewy roses! How their fragrance lingers and brings each of those glad hours back to me! Just as vividly as does the sight and scent of myrtle and orange-blossom recall that former "longest day" when before God I vowed to love, honor, and obey my husband. That task is so easy—indeed, it seems so impossible to do otherwise, that I often wonder why I felt so very solemn when first I undertook my wifely duties. My thoughts travel back to that day as I bury my face in the dewy freshness of those roses Charley has gathered for me, and which he has just put into my hands. * * *

We walk on to the stables together, and I procure carrots and sugar for the horses, for which they turn eager heads and give their pretty thanks with playful pawings and distended nostrils. Then I turn to Lake, the groom, and inquire after his wife and little one. To the latter I send a cake. All this refreshment for man and beast comes forth from my inexhaustible pocket, to reach the lowest depths of which my arm has to plunge in up to the elbow. Seeing this, Charley laughs at me. I resent his laughter, and while Lake turns away, pinch the master, who roars and causes Miss Juliet to lash out in sudden excitement. Lake is a very discreet young man, and swiftly disappears into the harness-room. We two, certainly in our innocent happiness more like school children than "married and settled and all," continue our absurd fight for a moment, and then, peace being restored, I ask:

"Have you decided on the color for your new mogcart, Charley?"

"The middle," said dark green. I thought, so of course dark green, it will be. Does not the missis always have her own way?"

"No, emphatically no! Who ordered Miss Juliet's lovely tail to be cut short in the mistress's absence?"

"My dear Fay! She did not match Romeo!"

"But what of Romeo? Did not the mistress admire—"

"Oh! there's no accounting for woman's tastes."

"No, or for the want of it! To think now of my absolutely admiring you!" I try to say this deprecatingly, but as I look up into his handsome face, I cannot hide the pleasure I have in so looking. And he knows it all! Would it really be better for both of us if I showed him less openly the admiring love in my heart? People have told me warningly that I am spoiling him. If that is so, he spoils me too, for I do just whatever I please under approving eyes. And could any two people get on better than we two do? I defy them.

We have settled to spend our holidays at the Crystal Palace. We are in the land of Cockneys, though we have a pretty garden, a verandah, a bit of paddock and a roomy stable. Our house is in Wimbledon, and we can look away over the common to the Surrey hills. When the Volunteers come camping out, we wish they did not raise such terrible clouds of dust, but we find them pleasant company for all that, and are glad of their invitations and think it fine fun to have our dinner out of tin pannikins, to sit on the down-trodden grass, to listen to stories and songs, to join in the choruses and fancy ourselves "camping out" too.

We have two or three special friends among the Regulars too, and when they come to us Charley tries to prevent me from talking about the Volunteers. Of course, I talk the more; I am proud of the Irregulars, and glory in saying so, and don't mind how bored Captain Hector looks, and force him into many a wordy battle. Need I say that by dint of patience, perseverance and inexhaustible argument I—weak woman—always carry the day against the silent, undemonstrative Guardsman? And shall I tell how, truce declared, I generously prepare the claret cup he loves, and so willingly takes from his hostess's hands?

There is to be a grand summer concert at the Crystal Palace on this day of roses, and when Charley drives me up to the Centre Transept I see crowds of people pushing and struggling, and unfortunate ladies defending web-like muslins from the invading feet of crushing pleasure-seekers.

Of course Charley stands on the steps for awhile. He must watch Lake departing with the phaeton, and he cranes his neck to make sure that his groom is obeying orders and not sending the heated horses spinning along. "Confound the fellow! What does he mean by showing them off, why don't he walk them in cool as he is bid?" So says my irate husband, and makes an impatient movement as though to rush after Lake, the spirits of avenging justice strong within him.

"They will be all right, dear, and cool enough by this evening; don't you look so angry, Charley, but come in now." I whisper this to him, seeing the flush upon his face that comes so rarely, but always distresses me.

"Of course you cannot understand Fay; women have no idea of the mischief—"

"The mischief they can do!" asks a voice over my shoulder, and a hand is stretched towards Charley, and his face changes altogether. I am intently looking at him, amazed at his amazement, but I am quite aware that the voice and the daintily gloved hand belong to a lady, who is still behind me. It is a voice I do not know, but it makes my husband's quiet face move strangely, and opens his eyes and sends that dull angry flush quite away, leaving him suddenly pale * * * The lady has made her way to my side, mechanically I take the hand she offers me.

"Mrs. Alleyne, I am sure?" she says; and getting no acknowledgment to this remark, adds softly and with a smile, "dear Charley's wife?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Alleyne," I answer now, but do not speak softly; and there is no smile on my face as I add, "We two have surely never met before?" I look straight into her eyes as I speak, and I feel I do not look pleasantly.

By this time Charley has his hand on my arm, and says:

"An old friend of poor Marie's and—and mine, Fay; I am sure you will be glad to make her acquaintance—Constance Morreton—" here Charley stops suddenly, and says, with an odd, apologetic laugh—

"I am forgetting, that was our friend's name, now Mrs. Balfour—Mrs. Alleyne."

I watch them both in wonder. What is the matter with Charley? he stammers and changes color as I have never known him do, and now that Mrs. Balfour addresses me in her low purring tone, he listens eagerly to every word she says.

"No wonder you look surprised, dear Mrs. Alleyne. We—Charley and I—are such old friends, you see, and it is so long since we met, and we were both startled. I have had time to recover myself, because I watched you drive up, and of course I recognized him at once and knew you must be his wife; Charley's wife, of whom I have heard such wondrous praises—"

"You are both getting awfully pushed about here," says Charley, as I am mute for a moment. "We had better all go in now," he adds, looking earnestly at Mrs. Balfour all the time.

"Unfortunately, I am obliged to stand here she replies. "The fact is I am waiting for friends from town who are coming down with John for the concert. Do stay here with me, I long to have a chat with your pretty wife. You will not mind my calling him Charley, will you, Mrs. Alleyne, we are such old friends?"

She continues her pretty reminiscences, addressing herself specially to my husband. I have not the slightest wish to remain with her, or to be talked at, or to, but no choice is given to me. Charley does not mean moving, and so we three get wedged closely against a low partition, and I look out anxiously for "John and the friends from town," wishing I knew their distinguishing marks and and could call out, "Here they are!" Mrs. Balfour is so absorbed in conversation with my husband, that I believe she has utterly forgotten to look for hers—if John's his name. I suppose I sigh wearily, or in some other indiscreet way betray my inward vexation, for Mrs. Balfour suddenly turns and addresses her remarks on bygone days to me.

"You know Marie and Charley and I were called 'the inseparable' years ago. That was when we were children. Marie and I went to the same school, and I spent my holidays at Mrs. Alleyne's. My parents were in China, and when I went out to them I lost sight of my dear old friends at home. I have always looked upon England as home through all the changes. I think you also know poor Marie, Charley's dear sister. When I got married to Mr. Balfour the correspondence between the Alleynes and us ceased. These things do happen when thousands of miles divide people, don't they? I have actually been away nine years! No wonder Charley was surprised; he must have thought of me as one risen from the dead. I quite gloried in startling him, for I suppose he still prides himself on being the calm, self-possessed, never-to-be-ruffled individual I once knew so well! Don't imagine I did not mean to hunt you two people out. We live here, close by the palace, and I have told John over and over again to call on Charley at the office, but John is so dilatory——ah! here he is—'talk of,' &c., &c., we will not particularize."

"John," unaccompanied by the expected friends, pushes his way toward us in obedience to the waving of his wife's parasol. The general introduction over, Mrs. Balfour inquires for the absent Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. "Can't possibly come," says Mr. Balfour, in a sepulchral tone. His face is swarthy, his eyes are black, and so is his beard; he looks twenty years older than his wife. His voice, like his person, reminds me at once of the typical basso profundo. "Mrs. Anderson is ill, the precious baby is ill, and Anderson himself far too anxious for pleasuring."

"Then there is no occasion to stand here any longer—what a blessed release," says Mrs. Balfour, as she lays her hand on my husband's arm. The further result of this "blessed release," is that I find myself marshalled rapidly through the crowd, *nolens volens*, my hand on the arm of this big, dark man, of whose existence I was not even aware ten minutes ago. Uncomfortably I crane my neck, looking to the right and left for Charley, but we have lost him and his companion in the throng.

"Most objectionable, is it not?" asks Mr. Balfour.

I do not quite know to what he alludes, but fervently answer, "It is indeed," and so for my part I think it. When we are free of the crowd "This is much better at last, is it not?" asks my companion. To me there seems no improvement in our isolated position, so I am silent. Mr. Balfour looks down at me.

"You are very pale," he says; "can I get you anything? You were not much hurt in that crowd, were you? I do hope you are not faint?"

Instinctively I felt he is afraid of a scene, and man-like, hates women who are "overcome by the heat," require "salts," &c. So I reassure him at once.

"Not in the least faint, thanks. I am just a little warm, naturally. Had we better not sit down and wait for Mrs. Balfour?"

"Wait for Constance? My dear madam, she is no doubt luxuriating in the shadiest bit of the grounds by this time. She knows her way about this place far better than I do, and always manages to skirt the crowd. Shall we go out too? It is hot everywhere, but we may find a breath of air moving there."

So we go, and from the terrace steps I look eagerly for Charley right and left. I seem to get a clear view of the gardens here, and I should know him anywhere, but he is not to be seen.

Fortunately Mr. Balfour does not say much, and our "conversation" is of the vaguest; my eyes and my thoughts are with Charley all the time. I do not doubt we are equally tired of one another's company when Mr. Balfour proposes "an adjournment to luncheon."

"You ladies never admit you are hungry," I know, he says, "but I am not at all ashamed to confess that I feel uncommonly peckish, and don't suppose you will object to a cool Mayonnaise and some iced champagne. Come now."

I am too subdued to gainsay him, or to do more than wonder uneasily if this man and I are to spend our whole day here together—this twenty-first of June—*the longest day* in all the year—as in sorry truth it seems likely to prove to me.

We go back into the palace, and on to the dining saloon.

"Oh, a nice night, you see; I knew you would take care of yourself, and very sensible too," says Mr. Balfour, offering me a chair. I take it, wondering if that last remark could be intended for me, and find myself opposite to Mrs. Balfour, and—Charley. At this unexpected and most welcome sight two sudden tears spring up into my eyes. Knowing thoroughly well my childish folly, I try to laugh the feeling off, and laugh aloud in the most unaccountable way, and see Mrs. Balfour's deprecating smile of polite amazement, on which I laugh louder still.

"Fay!" says Charley sternly, and looks at me with a frown. After which my boisterous mirth dies a very sudden death.

Meanwhile Mrs. Balfour is saying, "I knew, John dear, you would find your way here sooner or later. Knowing your thirsty proclivities, I thought it would be sooner. And so I have begged Mr. Alleyne to order luncheon for all of us."

For the first time I have a chance of observing my *vis-a-vis* quietly. Her face is long and somewhat thin; her hair has that peculiar new shade of gold upon it, that does not look natural with a thick pale skin; her eyes are of that varying hue that people describe as "brown" or "grey," and which to me appears green; and her thin lips are startlingly red. This description does not read prettily, but all the same, I acknowledge at once, that I *know* Constance Balfour to be a fascinating woman. The dye and paint and powder are hateful to me; I have heard often lately of women who have recourse to "art" as aids to beauty; but I have never before sat at table with such an one. This will fully explain the state of my mind at this time. No doubt it has been voted primitive or childish by any chance reader. So it may have been; I only wish I had not needed such bitter experience to enlarge and ripen it.

Having made my preliminary mental observations on Mrs. Balfour, I get more and more interested, and continue to watch their unconscious object, whose attention is absorbed by the dainty mixture of salmon and salad upon her plate. I note that her hair is beautifully arranged in waving half curls, that her bonnet is of the latest and most delicate Parisian manufacture, and that her whole costume accords with that ladylike crown of perfection. She has a peculiar purring voice, speaks in a confidential tone, says a great deal and rapidly, and always addresses herself in a marked way to one person at a time. Thus much I have learnt by steady observation, and am anxious to learn more, when Mr. Balfour, having felt my scrutiny, turns her cold eyes upon me, and says sweetly:

"Do I resemble any one you know, dear Mrs. Alleyne?"

At this moment the waiter interposes, first, his coat sleeve, then half his body, between us, in leaning over to arrange the dishes. Thus I am spared any attempt at an answer, and she, I hope, does not notice my guilty blush.

Hardly a word is spoken. I suppose the others are hungry, they seem so interested in the successive dishes as they appear. I am too warm to eat, and have lost all inclination to go back and listen to that concert. My head throbs; I have a curious feeling in my throat, and wonder if this can be the beginning of some sudden fever.

When we rise I watch Mrs. Balfour again as she folds her lace shawl and lays it over her arm. She is tall and well-draped, and carries herself gracefully. She turns to Charley, and placing her hand on his arm walks away with him. At the door she looks over her shoulder, and says to her husband.

"Pray keep near us, dear; you never can manage to find our places without me, you know." Then it occurs to her to address me. "I am so very glad to be able to offer you stalls next to ours, as the Andersons are not coming; but pray do not lose sight of us again, dear Mrs. Alleyne."

It does not much matter to me now where we go, or what is done; Charley has neither spoken to me nor looked at me all this while, except just once, and that reproachfully. He has been unusually silent, even for him, and there has not been the faintest smile on his face. How I long to take his arm, to go away with him to tell him that I feel so tired—so ill. But I cannot get near enough to whisper to him, and when we reach the stalls he is farther than ever from me—on the other side of Mrs. Balfour.

No doubt Nilsson sings beautifully, and so does Lucca; but though that purring voice that is new to me to-day is so low, it seems to fill my ears and sing in my head to the exclusion of all other sounds. At last it is over, and I am so thankful. This is my happy release.

We have said "Good-bye," and I am sitting by Charley's side again in our phaeton, driving through the pretty homeward roads, met by the balmy breath of cooling evening air.

Charley makes casual remarks on the horses, the places we pass, the heat of the day that is over. Somehow I cannot talk, and so we roll on in silence.

When, dinner over, he establishes himself comfortably in the verandah at home, I creep to my favorite place and rest my aching head against his knee. I am very silent and feel unaccountably subdued. "Not a bit of 'pretty prattle' for me to-night, Fay?" asks Charley in his kindest voice. That tone melts the stubborn pained feeling within me, and it finds sudden vent in tears.

Charley is puzzled, astonished, finally distressed. He asks me repeatedly, "Why?" And what shall I say? Last night I told him tears would come from too overwhelming a sense of happiness. This very morning, delighting in his roses, I declared myself the happiest woman God's sun shone upon; can I confess that to-night, without any assignable reason, I am crying "because I feel so miserable." No; a very proper sentiment of shame at my own folly checks me, and hesitatingly I explain that I am over-tired—worn out—shall be quite myself with the coming Sunday, on which we will keep quietly at home.

Surely that day will renew for me the peace and content that have hitherto made our married life all sunshine!

II.

SHADOWS.

I awake next morning with a start, and as I raise myself and stare blankly at the closely curtained window opposite, I feel unrefreshed, dissatisfied.

What has happened? What does this dull pained feeling mean?

Who has not lived through that bitter awakening to trouble? You feel it is standing by your bedside awaiting you, ready to pounce upon and absorb you; you scarcely remember how it looks, you dread to meet it, and yet know it cannot be avoided, must be faced. You may turn on your pillow, close your eyes tightly, try to shut out vision and consciousness;—vain attempts—the trouble is there and sooner or later will fasten upon you, fraught with bitter remembrance, bringing with it future dread.

My trouble—which no doubt seems very trivial and absurd to you, reader—is to myself scarcely defined. But, though so shadowy, it is painfully palpable, all the same. While I am dressing I scold myself vigorously. I determine not to be a coward, not to imagine difficulties where none exist. At breakfast I endeavor to talk cheerfully and to begin naturally the series of questions that crowd unceasingly into my mind. But my assumed indifference falls at the outset. I cannot bring myself to pronounce the name that must be spoken before Charley can be expected to give me any information. Under no circumstances would it occur to him to volunteer it. This is Sunday, and there is no fly-leaf of the *Times* to take refuge in and comment on. Charley says a few pleasant words, but he seldom says much, and to-day I do not take up his suggestions for I am constrained by hidden thoughts, a very new experience for me whose talk has hitherto been "prattle," the frank overflowing of the glad thoughts of a girlish mind. For, when all this is happening, I have not reached my twentieth year.

We go to church together by-and-by, and with all my strength I endeavor to think only and devoutly of the prayers I am offering up with my lips and the good words that fall upon my ears. But alas! it seems to me presently that I am enacting the part of a modern Marguerite, in the famous church scene, for my every pious thought and song is turned into gently mocking laughter and purring whispers.

It is a relief to get out under God's pure beautiful sky again, and to hear the friendly talk of common-place neighbors. One of them, a happy mother who looks and walks like a complacent hen amidst her chirping brood, comes up to us and says in her cheery voice:

"Mr. Smythe tells me he saw you at the Palace, yesterday, with Mr. Balfour. I did not know you were acquainted with the Balfours. Mr. Smythe has known him for years. What a charming wife he has

PRAYER FOR THE OPENING YEAR.

BY E. H. ENGLE.

I ask not, Lord! that I may be exempt
From trial storm of life;
But only that Thy everlasting glory
Be with me in the strife;
That while the maddened tempests round me blow,
Thy gladdening, holy presence I may know.

I ask not, Lord! for wealth's exceeding measure,
My real needs are few;
Grant me and mine the daily bread, and ever
With ceaseless gratitude my life renew.
Accept the sacrifice that lifts to Thee,
A spirit bowed in deep humility!

I ask not, Lord! for some high earthly station,
The humblest service give;
And teach me in fulfilling low'liest duty,
How nobly true to live.
Some foregleams of the heavenly life be mine;
Mine—wax in heart and spirit wholly Thine.

I ask not, Lord! that shadows may not darken
The sunshine of my days;
I only pray Thy mercy all benignant,
To keep me in Thy ways.
And though the whelming waters close above,
Still let me find some token of Thy Love!

I ask not, Lord! that strife may never enter
My home of love and peace;
But in Thy power that bids all evil vanish,
To find my soul's release.
The ills of life to bear submissively,
My every hope uplifted unto Thee!

I ask not, Lord! to know the veiled Future;
Enough for me to know
That Thou art just, and from Thy hand benignant
Ten thousand blessings flow!
Give me the grace that chastening hand to love,
All 'lourding splendors of this world above!

I thank Thee, Lord! for ministry of sorrow,
For joys unspeakable;
For all the teaching past, and promised morrow,
For meeting and farewell.
For Summer roses, wildly drifting snows,
And all Thy grace in mighty love bestows!

Another year is opening wide the portals
Unto life's labor great,
Inspire my soul with fortitude serenely,
With prayerful heart, to wait
In sad defeat, and joyous victory won,
Ever to answer, Lord! "Thy will be done!"

My Holiday Patient;

OR,

A DESPERATE CASE.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Without loss of time I raised her from her pillow, slipped the chain over her head and withdrew it with the red purse from her loosened grasp. Carrying my prize in one hand and the candle in the other, I immediately returned to my own room, fastened the door, and with much trepidation and a slight, but irrepressible pang of remorse—for the feat I had just performed bore an unpleasant resemblance to robbery with violence—sat down to examine the contents of the purse. It held, as I had surmised, neither coin nor trinket, nothing by a carefully folded and sealed note, the soiled condition of which plainly indicated that it had been preserved for a considerable time. There was no superscription or address upon the outside of it, but the seal bore the impression of a signet ring, engraved with the Pomeroy crest and motto. Such a ring I remembered having noticed one day at table d'hote on the finger of Dr. George Pomeroy.

Without hesitation I broke the seal, spread the paper open on my knees, and read these words, written in handwriting which was evidently that of an educated gentleman:

"I, George Pomeroy, of Newbury, Berkshire, hereby solemnly promise to marry Clara Fletcher, now living in the capacity of domestic at Newbury Hall, in the same county, so soon as the object for which she and I are working shall be satisfactorily accomplished. And I do further engage and pledge myself that the marriage aforesaid shall be lawfully solemnized within three months, at the utmost, after the demise of my brother's widow, Lady Ada Pomeroy.

GEORGE POMEROY, M. D."

I shall not trouble the reader with a recapitulation of the thoughts and sensations which took possession of my mind upon the perusal of this document. For the present it is sufficient to say that I replaced it in the purse, wound the neck-chain about it, and locked up the stolen property in my traveling-bag. I then took the same means of securing the maid, by fastening the door between her chamber and mine, the only mode of communication with the corridor for the two side rooms being through the one in the centre, which I occupied. Having thus provided against the possibility of her escape during the hours of night which yet remained—it was already half-past one—I threw myself on my bed, desiring rather than expecting sleep.

Contrary to my anticipations, however, and perhaps owing to the fumes of the anæsthetic I had inhaled, my slumber was unusually heavy, and when I awoke it was already broad daylight, sunny and invigorating, and the hands of my watch pointed to eight o'clock. I leapt from my bed, and creeping the floor on tip-toe, listened eagerly at the door of Clara's room for any sound or movement that might be passing within it. There was none; all was silent as the grave. "It is just as well," thought I. "She is still evidently under the influence of the chloroform; I will not run the risk of disturbing her yet." With this resolution I proceeded to make my toilette as quickly as possible, leaving the door still locked, and by half-past eight was fully equipped in walking costume, ready for immediate departure on an errand which I had persuaded myself to be necessary. Then, giving a gentle premonitory tap at Lady Pomeroy's door, I entered the room as softly as the heels of my street shoes would permit, and cheerfully wished the invalid "good-morning." She was sitting up in bed, broad awake, and showing by her looks that every one of her eighteen hours' immunity from poison had told its utmost on a system so susceptible to beneficent as to deleterious influences.

"I am feeling so refreshed," said she, holding out her hand warmly; "the journey really seems to have done me good instead of harm, as Clara feared. Is it late, or do you accustom yourself to walk before breakfast?"

I sat down beside her, and after a few minutes' chat, in the course of which I felt her pulse, and judged from her appearance and manner that she was sufficiently herself to bear, with tolerable strength, the news I had to impart, I said gravely:

"Just now, Lady Pomeroy, you asked me if I was going out. Should you like to know where I am going?"

She noted the change in my tone, and replied, with an anxious look:

"Yes, please tell me. It is something that concerns me, I suppose."

"I am going out upon important business, business which concerns you very seriously and very urgently, and I see no way to avoid telling you about it. It involves my explaining to you also the cause of your illness, and my motive for bringing you away from your brother-in-law, although, but for what has just transpired, I intended to have kept those secrets from you a little longer until you should have been in a fitter state to hear them. But since I quitted you last night affairs have assumed an aspect which I did not expect, and I fear that unless I tell you the truth myself now, you will learn it in less than an hour through another and rougher channel. Do you think you can nerve yourself to hear calmly what I have to say to you?"

"Wait a minute," she answered in a low voice, "and I will try."

She covered her face with her hands, and her attitude as well as the silence which followed her last words, suggested to me that she was seeking strength and self-control from a Divine source. Leaving her thus absorbed, I noiselessly withdrew to my room, and on returning a moment afterwards with the red purse in my hand, found her leaning back on her pillows and prepared to hear calmly what I had to say.

Resuming my seat by the bed, I briefly unfolded to her so much as I knew of her brother-in-law's design upon her life and property, and of the means he was taking to accomplish it. Passing on to the recent incidents of the night, I opened the red purse, produced Dr. Pomeroy's strange promise of marriage, and placed it in her hands.

"Do you recognize that handwriting?" said I.

"Of course I do; it is my brother-in-law's."

"Read what he says there, then, and see for yourself what value ought to be set on his pretended love for you."

She laid her finger upon a sentence in the manuscript and repeated it aloud in a tone of incredulity, looking up earnestly from the paper into my face:

"'As soon as the object for which she and I are working shall be satisfactorily accomplished.' What object is that?"

I saw from the expression with which she regarded me that she had already put on the words the only construction of which they were capable, and I knew that my answer would carry with it no new shock.

"It means your death, Lady Pomeroy. Your maid Clara has been bribed by this promise of marriage into becoming Dr. George's accomplice. Doubtless he found it impossible to carry out his design without her co-operation, and it seems to me extremely probable that she may herself have made this compact the price of her treachery. The desire of becoming a lady and the mistress of such a fortune as yours would weigh heavily against virtue in the balance of a low-born and uneducated woman's mind. The bait of an assured position so vastly above her own, would succeed in corrupting many a person in Clara's circumstances, with whom a mere ordinary bribe of a few hundred pounds would be powerless."

Lady Pomeroy refolded the paper in silence and returned it to me.

As I put it back in the purse and left my seat, she asked quietly:

"What is it that you intend to do now?"

"To go at once to the police authorities of this town, and place the whole affair in their hands. It has assumed dimensions which make it unfit for two women to deal with alone any longer. Meanwhile, until proper assistance is secured, I shall leave your maid, who luckily is still under the influence of the chloroform, a prisoner in her room, and to make sure that she does not escape in my absence I shall put the key of the door in my pocket." Having accordingly carried this latter precaution into practice, after having listened a last time without result for any sign of movement on Clara's side of the partition, I descended the staircase leading to the hotel entrance, ordered one of the waiters to send Lady Pomeroy's breakfast upstairs to her room, and having ascertained the whereabouts of the police-office, which by good fortune chanced to be close at hand, started off on my errand.

In less than twenty minutes I returned with a tall astute-visaged personage, to whom I had explained my view of the "case," my own concern in it, and the present position of the lady's maid from whose person the paper inculpating herself and Dr. Pomeroy had been taken. We proceeded upstairs and the officer expressed his wish to arrest my captive at once, without further consultation with Lady Pomeroy, whom he judged it for the present unnecessary to disturb. I handed him the key of the door, he fitted it in the lock, turned it noisily, and we entered Clara's bedroom together. It was deserted! The bedclothes were tossed confusedly on the ground, in the centre of the floor lay the cambric handkerchief I had left on the maid's face, and beside it was a basin containing a towel soaked in cold water, to which no doubt she had had recourse for the purpose of removing the stupor produced by the anæsthetic. The tall venetian window stood open, and with an exclamation my companion pointed to the balcony outside, round the top-rail of which was knotted the end of a sheet taken from the disarranged bed. The windows of the apartment we occupied gave upon a small paved court, and were at the height of one story only from the ground. I remembered that I had particularly requested the landlord of the hotel to provide us with rooms on the first landing, on account of Lady Pomeroy's weak condition and her inability to ascend more than one flight of stairs. But for this arrangement, Clara Fletcher would not have found escape an easy business. I drew a long breath, and the first sensation I experienced was one of relief rather than of disappointment. She had fled, certainly never to return, and her disappearance had saved Lady Pomeroy and myself the task of sustaining a charge against her which to me would have involved considerable annoyance and pain, and to my patient might have proved even perilous.

The officer, having taken a brief survey of this empty room, turned to me with an expressive shrug of his shoulders, and said good-humoredly:

"Our bird is flown, madame. You are safe from her now; she knows that she is detected, and she will not come back to court exposure and punishment. What do you say—do you wish her to be pursued?"

"By no means," said I; "in my opinion things are very much better left as they are. And, as she knows that her precious marriage contract is in our possession, she has now no motive left for returning at any future time to renew her attempt on Lady Pomeroy's life."

"Marriage contract!" echoed the officer, to whom I had translated the paper in question. "Bah! I tell you, madame, such a document as that is, could never have been of the least legal value to her. The man who wrote it must have known that well enough! Why, supposing the crime they contemplated to have been achieved, what hold could this miserable woman have had on her employer? Had he failed in his promise she could never have produced such a paper in the presence of any third person. Bah! he is a rogue, an infernal rogue, and she is an ignorant fool." He nodded his head at me several times, whistled, turned on his heel, and re-entered my room, closing the door after him, as though to intimate that we had finished with all concern or interest in anything on the other side of it. "You have nothing more for me to do, madame?" he asked, standing still and looking about him rather wistfully; "nothing further to communicate respecting the doctor, for example?"

"Nothing," replied I. Fortunately we left no address at the hotel from which we came, and I took the precaution of changing our route after we started, so as to frustrate any attempt Clara might have made to convey information to him before quitting Z——."

"Did she make any such attempt, do you think?"

"I fancy so." And I related to him the particulars of the incident which had aroused my suspicion just as we were about to drive to the railway station.

"So you believe," said he, looking steadfastly at me, "that the doctor has now no possibility of possessing a clue to your whereabouts. Will you please try to recollect whether, after you arrived here, Lady Pomeroy's maid left this apartment for any purpose?"

"Oh yes, of course she did. We had been here only about a quarter of an hour when I sent her downstairs myself to get her tea. Do you really think she could then have found means to communicate with her accomplice?"

The officer smiled, took a watch from his pocket, contemplated it a few minutes in silence, and responded in a decisive tone:

"Madame, since you permitted the maid to leave you after your arrival here, you might just as well have spared yourself the inconvenience of changing your route on the way. If you care to inquire among the servants of the hotel, or perhaps at the bureau round the corner, you will find that a telegram form was supplied to her last night at the hour you have mentioned. It is of no consequence that she does not speak German; in an establishment of this size, and in a place like Stuttgart, there is certain to be an English interpreter; not improbably even the waiters themselves understand English."

I knew that he spoke the truth, for on our arrival the landlord had addressed us readily in our own language, and Clara had responded. "You alarm me greatly," said I; "what do you think we are to expect?"

"I have just consulted my watch, madame, and I think you have to expect Dr. Pomeroy's arrival here in about five minutes. There is a train in from Z—— at half-past nine, the station is about a quarter of a mile from this hotel, and the time is now three minutes to ten. I allow five-and-thirty minutes because trains are often late, and porters sluggish, and hired vehicles slow in driving. Yes, I allow five and thirty minutes."

"I looked at him aghast and sank into a chair. He rubbed his hands together and walked briskly to the door leading on to the corridor with an air that showed plainly how much he enjoyed the scent of a fresh victim. There was a short silence, certainly not exceeding in duration the five minutes he had named, and my sense of hearing, strained to unwonted acuteness, distinguished amid the ordinary confusion of voices in the hall below, a sound like that caused by the sudden opening of a door communicating with the street, the whirl and roar of the outside traffic becoming for an instant audible above all other sounds and as suddenly sinking again. I started to my feet and ran out to the landing to listen for what might ensue, exclaiming, "You are right, I believe; some one has just arrived! Scarcely had the words left my lips than I heard my own name and that of Lady Pomeroy pronounced in a tone of inquiry in the *entresol*, and caught the reply of the landlord directing the waiter who had charge of the new arrival, "First floor, number nineteen."

"It is Dr. Pomeroy," I whispered hurriedly to the officer; "he has undoubtedly followed us as you foresaw. And so quickly."

"The telegram reached him about eleven o'clock yesterday evening," returned my companion, as coolly as if he had superintended the whole affair. "And the doctor left by the early train which passes through Z—— at five in the morning. You were fast asleep when he started, and Mademoiselle Clara was probably washing her face in cold water. Quick, madame! follow me, if you please."

He ran hastily down into the *entresol*, and I more slowly descended the stairs after him, arriving on the ground floor just in time to see him in the act of arresting Dr. George Pomeroy on a charge of attempted assassination. Triumphant as I felt at this clever and successful *denouement*, I was yet woman enough to shudder and catch nervously at the balustrade of the staircase for support as my glance fell on the livid and terror-stricken features of the detected villain. A faint cry escaped me, he looked up suddenly in my direction, and burst out in a furious voice:

"Look here! Where is the landlord; *he* speaks English, and these German fools understand nothing! Landlord! This is a stratagem, a plot, a damned lying conspiracy, and that woman there is at the bottom of it. She's a person of infamous character, and ought to be turned out of the place; by G—— she ought, and I'll do it!"

As he spoke, he made a frantic effort to break away from his captor, and would doubtless have vented his rage on me by personal violence, had not the muscular grasp of my tall ally restrained him. At the sound of his angry tones, not only the landlord but some dozen waiters and chambermaids ran at once to the spot, and the *entresol* was presently crowded with eager spectators, wondering, questioning, and ejaculating excitedly.

"Monsieur," said the officer, singling out the landlord with the precision of a detective, and addressing him in low rapid tones, "we have unfortunately a little difficulty to settle with this gentleman. Be good enough to show into some private room where we may discuss the matter quietly."

The poor landlord, too bewildered to be particular, threw open the door nearest to him, and stepped aside to let the officer and his prisoner pass. As he did so, a female servant at his elbow cried out in a shrill voice, "Not in there, sir; not in there! it's my store-room."

But the sharp professional eye of the tall constable had already noted the iron bars across the window in question, and with characteristic acumen, he at once decided that no room in the house could serve the purpose of a cell to so great a nicety.

"Nonsense, my good woman," said he promptly. "It's the very thing; we shan't open your cupboards; no place could be better." He beckoned me to join him, and the next minute, after a brief resistance on the part of the prisoner, easily overcome by the athletic constable, all four of us were standing together in the store-room, the door of which was securely fastened on the inside.

"And now, monsieur," said the officer, addressing Dr. Pomeroy in the decisive, perspicuous manner which seemed habitual to him, "let me assure you that these proceedings are all perfectly regular, and that for the present, any attempt to dispute them will prove quite useless. Your accomplice, Mademoiselle Clara, is no longer here; she has been detected and quitted the house, leaving in our possession the paper containing your promise of marriage. This lady is a qualified physician; she has examined the condition of Lady Pomeroy, and we are in a position to make the charge."

He spoke in French, with a strong German accent, but his prisoner understood him well, and stood silent, pallid as a corpse, and quivering from head to foot, either with fear or with rage. Once or twice I thought he essayed to speak, but his whitened lips refused to articulate, and the words died in his throat with a sound like the gasp of a creature struggling for breath.

"Madame," continued the officer, turning to me deferentially, "I shall trouble you, if you please, to follow me into the hall downstairs. Monsieur"—to Dr. Pomeroy—"it will be necessary for me to take your keys with me. I am about to search your luggage."

As he spoke he held out his hand, and the demand was sullenly complied with.

Leaving our prisoner carefully secured in his strange cell, the landlord and I accompanied the officer into the hall, where we were not long in identifying Dr. Pomeroy's portmanteau, which the constable immediately opened, and asked, as he turned over its contents, after the manner of a custom-house expert:

"What sort of stuff is it that you expect to find, madame?"

I named the poison I suspected, and defined its probable appearance.

"This must be it, then, I think," rejoined he, producing, after a brief search, a dark-colored bottle filled with an opaque substance which exactly answered my description, and holding it up for me to examine; "say if it bears the test, madame."

I took the bottle from him, shook out some of the contents in my hand, and answered, as firmly as my agitation permitted,

"It is precisely what I expected, monsieur."

Without any comment he closed and relocked the portmanteau, pocketed the bottle and bade me accompany him back to the store-room. Conscious that the worst part of this very unpleasant day's business was yet to come, I obeyed with faltering steps, and a heart full of apprehension. As I paused on the landing, not daring to lift my eyes from the ground, I heard the bolt of the door slipped back and the handle turned; there was a momentary silence, and the next instant, the officer immediately behind whom I stood, recoiled upon me as though he had been struck.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed; "we are too late—he has killed himself!"

The landlord and I pressed forward into the room, and saw lying on the floor a senseless bloody mass, which but ten minutes since had been a living man. Beside him lay a small case of surgical instruments, which, doubtless, he had carried with him in one of his pockets, his right hand held a lancet, and the large artery of the throat, to the position of which his anatomical knowledge had unerringly guided him, was completely severed.

"Can you do nothing for him, madame?" asked the officer, as I knelt to examine the wound; "this is your business rather than mine."

I pressed my fingers on the unfortunate man's wrist, and listened vainly for the least sign of heart pulsation.

"Impossible," I replied, rising after a few minutes' pause. "He is already a corpse. This must have been done the instant after we quitted him."

"Poor wretch," said the officer, looking down on the dead man with more emotion than I had believed him capable of feeling, "he has passed a severer sentence on himself than the law could have issued! But it's always the way with gentleman criminals; when they are caught they feel it so much more than the others! Well, it's over now; let's see what he's got in his pockets."

Stooping down, the constable suited the action to the word, and presently drew forth from the vest of the corpse a thick packet of letters, which he placed on the table before us, and began hastily turning over. They were all written in English, and therefore unintelligible to the German police-officer, whose lingual acquirements did not extend beyond his own tongue and provincial French; but a very slight investigation sufficed me to perceive that they consisted chiefly of memoranda relative to *post-obits* for loans of considerable amount, raised of course on the fortune he had hoped to enjoy. The remainder of the papers, with but two exceptions, were unpaid bills of heavy value, offers from usurers, and applications from duns claiming the immediate discharge of debts long since incurred. And, alas for poor human nature, which at its worst and weakest, has always some soft spot in it, the two exceptions I have named were a couple of long letters written in a woman's hand, praying in the most affectionate and piteous terms for the speedy remittance of a little money, no matter how small a sum, for the weather was beginning to get cold, and little Willie had no thick boots, and Charlie wanted a coat, and things were going very badly with them all. And the letter which had been most recently pasted, and which, like the other, began "My darling George," and was signed, "Your loving Nellie," reminded the man to whom it was addressed of an old promise of marriage made years before the children were born, and suggested that if only the writer "had the ring on her finger" she might, she thought, be able to get some honest employment somewhere among respectable folks, and earn her own living and the boys' and trouble him no more. "But now, my dear," she wrote pathetically, "I can do nothing decent, for when they see how it is, they all turn their backs on me."

The tears stood in my eyes as I gathered the scattered papers together, and moved towards the door. The officer, seeing my intention, hastened politely to unfasten it and let me pass.

"You will not tell miladi upstairs what has happened, at present, madame?" said he.

"No, not at present. She is far too weak to bear it. You see he was her husband's brother."

"Exactly, madame. Ah, it was a desperate cast, and he threw badly after all! No man should play a game of this sort unless he can count on his luck beforehand. All these things depend on luck, madame."

He bowed low as I passed him, and closed the door after me. I hurried upstairs to my own room, and resisting as unprofessional a hearty longing to indulge myself with the relief which I knew a good woman-nly fit of weeping would afford me, braced myself by a draught of cold water, and hastened to visit my patient, a somewhat hysterical foreboding at my heart that the adventure with which I had begun medical life would certainly leave its mark on the whole of my future, and that I should never recover from its depressing effects.

But I did; and have only to add that Lady Pomeroy and I have now been living together for some time, that she has perfectly regained her health and spirits, that we have one of the happiest and best-appointed homes in London, and that Clara Fletcher's vacated post is occupied by a pretty fair-haired young woman in a black dress, who is warmly attached to Lady Pomeroy, and who bears the name of "Nelly."

THE END.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, Dec. 15.

The work at the Universal Exposition grounds advances with the greatest rapidity. On a visit yesterday to the Champ de Mars and the Trocadero, we were surprised to find a greater part of the gardens already planted with large trees, but more astonishing is the interior appearance of the grand palace of the Trocadero. The principal building and its splendid annex is going to be really magnificent, and will leave far behind the architectural beauties of the oval building of 1867. This colonnade, situated on a high eminence and of an immense circumference, has the appearance of an *antique* monument, and recalls to mind the Coliseum at Rome. As to the Champ de Mars, with its galleries erected the whole length of that superb building, it presents at once a magnificent and picturesque perspective, and, with its latticed arch roof, it cannot fail to strike every one with great admiration. We all consider that the Exposition of 1878 will produce most agreeable impressions by the imposing character of the architectural proportions of all the buildings. They say that the Chinese exhibit will be something marvellous, as the Celestial Empire has granted an unlimited credit so as to be worthily represented at Paris. A hotel has been taken in the Bois de Boulogne for the installation of the representatives from China, and very brilliant *fetes* will be given during the Exposition.

A great many changes are taking place here, and quantities of new buildings are in the course of erection.

THE OLD PRISON ST. LAZARE

is to be demolished, in order to be rebuilt on a larger and much improved scale. This prison is one of the most celebrated in history. St. Lazare was originally a leprosy. Odon relates, that in going to St. Denis to take the oriflamme, the French King Louis the Fat stopped in this house. In the year 1110 the same king instituted a fair for the benefit of this leprosy, and his wife, Adelaide, of Savoy, made it an important donation. In 1147 Louis the Fair gave a charter to the lepers of St. Lazare, according them the privilege of taking every year, from the king's wine cellar, ten gallons of wine, one beef, six loaves of bread, and several bottles of Hydromel. In the middle ages it was customary to deposit in the leprosy the bodies of the kings and queens of France which were being taken for interment at St. Denis. The archbishops and bishops would congregate at the door and chant the offices of the dead, after which the royal corpse was given over to the twenty-four salt-bearers of the city. In the solemn *entrees* the king made into Paris he stopped in a part of the building called the King's Lodgings; and it was there that the monarch received the oath of allegiance from all orders. The plague of leprosy very naturally diminished in proportion to the progress made in medicine, the care given to hygiene, and improvements made in the comfort and cleanliness of all classes. In 1630 St. Lazare became the headquarters of the missionary priests whose order was created by St. Vincent de Paul. This Saint, who died in 1660, at the age of 84, was there buried. In 1729 St. Vincent de Paul having been beatified by Pope Innocent XII, his body was placed in a silver case and deposited in the altar of the chapel of St. Lazare. At this period it became a resort for priests who congregated there to make retreats and meditate before their ordination. Even men of the world would make stays of several days in order to meditate upon religious subjects. Families could also put there young men who were very wild, and for a certain sum they were fed, clothed, and kept until they were sufficiently reformed. During the great Revolution of 1792, St. Lazare was transformed into a station house, and afterwards into a prison. It was there that the young French poet, Andre Chenier, and many others, were executed during the Reign of Terror. In virtue of a decree afterwards passed, the prison of St. Lazare was conceded to the Department of the Seine, and reserved entirely for women who were detained for all possible offences and crimes. But now, on account of the increase of population, the prison has become insufficient. Therefore this old historical pile is to be destroyed in order to make place for a less picturesque and interesting, but certainly more convenient and practical building.

CLASSICAL MUSIC.

On Sunday we assisted at the popular Pasdeloup concert. The programme was very interesting, and after the overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute," came Schumann's Traumerie, and the *entre-acte* by Taubert, charming in its sprightliness, and which served admirably as a foil to Schumann's dreamy Reverie. M. Pasdeloup's rendering of these pieces, however, was not equal to that of Theodore Thomas. The main attraction of the concert was M. Rubenstein's Ocean Symphony. The great artist led it himself, and received a very ovation; at its conclusion he was called back three times, which is enormous for a Pasdeloup concert. M. Paul Viardot (son of Madame Pauline Viardot, the celebrated singer) played Corelli's variations on the theme La Folie, (1680) on the violin. The concert ended by the Invitation a la Danse, orchestrated by Berlioz. M. Rubenstein, in spite of his apparent dignified coldness, was much moved at the triumph he achieved before a Parisian audience—especially such a critical one as that of the Pasdeloup concerts.

The great Russian composer is a man of about 40, slender, possessing a physiognomy denoting much force of character, and resembles, to quite a great degree, the celebrated Beethoven. These Sunday concerts draw together an immense crowd, the *elite* of both the French and American society, composers, musicians, and all connoisseurs and lovers of classic music. They are within the reach of the most limited purse, as the prices of admission range from 15 cents to $1.25, depending, naturally, on the location. L. N.

—"And where was the man stabbed?" asked an excited lawyer of a physician. "The man was stabbed about an inch and a half to the left of the medial line, and about an inch above the umbilicus," was the reply. "Oh, yes, I understand now; but I thought it was near the town hall."

News of Interest

The poet Whittier received on his birthday more than 200 letters.

Maine now ranks as the sixth State in lumbering; once she stood first.

Thirty-two New York ministers preached last Sunday on a very warm subject.

General Fremont will turn his attention to copper mining in North Carolina.

A Scotch paper says General Grant lost a thumb and finger at the battle of Michigan.

George Bancroft, the historian, has taken up his residence in Washington for the Winter.

A Cincinnati juror, who was locked up thirteen days, has sued the Sheriff for $5,000 damages.

The Modocs are developing into good citizens on the reservation to which they have been sent.

There are ten men to one woman in southern California. Female servants there receive $40 per month.

Fifteen years were consumed and $1,500 expended in deciding the ownership of a yoke of oxen, in Oregon.

Forty prominent citizens of Lexington, Ky., have been indicted for card-playing. They are all married men.

The question of continuing or prohibiting Chinese immigration, will be voted upon by the people of California at their next general election.

A despatch from La Valleta, Malta, says ex-President Grant and party have again embarked on the United States steamer Vandalia, and sailed on Monday afternoon for Egypt and the Nile.

Evangelist Moody has formally accepted the invitation of the Hartford, Conn., churches to hold a series of revival meetings in that city, and will begin on the first Sunday in January.

Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Glenn, of Illinois, who acted as Governor at different times during Governor Beveridge's absence from the State, three months in all, has asked for the salary of the office for that time, amounting to $2,000.

Major Trawin, keeper of the lighthouse in Newark Bay, saw a row-boat drifting on the bay. He rowed to it and found a German lying insensible at the bottom of the boat. The boat was partly filled with water, and the man was badly frozen. He could not give an account of himself.

The oldest living editor is believed to be Hon. Joseph M. Sterrett, of Erie, Penn. He retired in 1865, after forty years' service. In 1832 he gave employment to Horace Greeley, then an awkward looking, ill-clad boy from Vermont. Mr. Sterrett is now nearing eighty.

R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia; R. C. Winthrop and N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts; Theodore M. Pomeroy, of New York; Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania; Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana; and James G. Blaine, of Maine, are the living ex-Speakers of the National House of Representatives.

All boys under eighteen years of age, except apprentices in skilled labor, are to be discharged from the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. This action is regarded as a result of the loss of a suit brought against the company recently by a boy in its employ, who was hurt, and gained $20,000 damages.

The death roll of 1877 includes the names of the Frenchmen Thiers and Changarnier, the Germans, Field Marshal Von Steinmetz and Von Wrangel; Leverrier, the astronomer; Titiens, the singer; Motley, the historian; Brigham Young, Senator Morton, Commodore Vanderbilt, Robert Dale Owen, Dr. Muhlenberg, Fletcher Harper, E. L. Davenport and Edwin Adams.

The King of Spain is to be married in the Basilica of Atacha, at Madrid, on the 23d of January. The Princess Mercedes will arrive at Madrid only one hour before the ceremony. The fetes are to last five days, during which time theatrical representations and bull-fights are to be provided for the people, free. A banquet is to be given to a thousand of the poor of Madrid in the Prado, and there are to be historical processions in the Plaza de Toros, the nobles of Spain being invited to take part in the cavalcades. All the children born on the 23d are to be dowered and 50,000 pesetas are to be distributed among the poor.

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"On Dangerous Ground" was written in the interest of the purest morality by a lady who holds that the best moral training is that which teaches self-control, ability to resist evil and cleave to the good, and overcome temptation. The consciousness of writing from such a motive is a way to excite the interest of intelligent readers is worth something.—Boston Daily Advertiser.

In order to meet the increased demand this Summer, the publishers were obliged to issue the Fourth Edition without waiting for the Preface that was announced to accompany it. They are now ready to fill orders with the Preface.

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PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1871

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SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5, 1878.

GREETING TO OUR PATRONS.
1878.

The Post thanks the rapidly increasing multitude of its friends and patrons, for their prompt and generous appreciation of the merits of the paper, and for their earnest efforts in helping to make it the GREAT LITERARY SUCCESS OF THE DAY. They have responded to our desires, overlooked our short-comings, and given the heartiest support to our successful endeavors, in a manner which is at once a compliment and a grateful surprise. The Post is ever on the alert to anticipate the wishes of its good friends, its readers, and it here begs from all its patrons frank, outspoken and thoughtful criticism upon the conduct of the paper. Every suggestion coming from such a source will be carefully considered by the proprietors, and if feasible carried into effect. And now a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE PRESENT NEW YEAR NUMBER of the Post contains new attractions in the shape of the new serial

FAY ALLEYNE
OR THE WIFE'S ORDEAL,

which will be found a charming story; HARD TIMES OR THE DIAMOND CROSS by MRS. MOORE, while "THE BECKERTONS" is continued, and grows more fascinating. "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT" has reached its Sixteenth Chapter. "MY HOLIDAY PATIENT OR A DESPERATE CASE," reaches a conclusion in this number and a fine climax. HOME CULTURE is more *recherché* and entertaining than ever in this issue, and the "BOOK OF ORIGINS" loses none of its brisk fresh piquancy.

We call especial attention to the Departments in this New Year number, and the "SANCTUM CHAT" which of itself is becoming a feature of the "POST."

A THRILLING EPISODE, "THE VIGIL OF DEATH," by C. LEON GUMPERT, Esq., appears in this number of the POST. It is a *strange narrative* of facts written in this well known author's best manner.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS will do well to remember that we welcome good stories, sketches, and literary matter of all kinds. As, however, the quantity we receive is very large, it is impossible to do speedy justice to the MSS. They must wait, and each take its turn.

SELF TRAINING.—MRS. H. O. Ward's compilation, "Self Training," now running through the columns of the Post, is to be published in book form by Messrs. Porter & Coates, of this city. The title will be changed to "Sensible Etiquette, Social Customs, Manners and Morals."

WINTER EVENING PLEASURE.

There is every reason why a winter evening, whether in the city or in the country, should be enjoyed in a calm, rational manner, and with both pleasure and profit, and there is no reason why an evening in the country should not be as full of keen, intellectual pleasure as one in the city. We are speaking now of home enjoyment only, but it is in the domain of the fireside that an evening is solely to be spent in happiness and peace. The out door amusements we do not touch upon—neither skating, balls, sociables, nor lectures. We allude only to home and home pleasures, and these are the highest, if understood rightly.

Give a small home circle (grown folks and children) a few books and papers, and the right spirit, and there can be made a magical change in the entertainment of the long winter evening—such a change that the children will long for day to pass and desire no longer to visit about the neighborhood and gossip, or idly pass the moments in frivolous sports that are miscalled recreations.

Charades, parlor theatricals, recitations and games, ought to inspire a household to love home. All these are cheap and easily managed, and all are full of healthful fun and interest. Then, too, music ought not to be neglected. A piano is not a necessity. All one needs is a chorus of fresh young voices and ability to learn parts in glees and madrigals.

Why we ourselves once spent one of the most delightful winter evenings in our lives in this wise: First, there was a charade—a play upon the words, "Good for nothing," and then a burlesque necromantic entertainment, and then a good reading, and last but not least, an inspiring chorus from Handel's "Messiah," unaccompanied by any instrument, and dependent for its fine effect upon the clear, harmonious voices of the young singers. Simple refreshments of tea, coffee and cake followed, and we thought we had never spent such a happy evening anywhere.

SANCTUM CHAT.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and if a green Christmas makes a fat churchyard, think of the lots of poor grave diggers out of work in the frosty season. This weather will at least encourage trade in that direction.

AMERICAN journalism is taking now in England, not only in weather predictions, but in the shape of editorial thought. A London paper, *The Christian World*, coolly announces as an extra New Year's attraction, clippings from the best American periodicals.

AN individual has just died at Pau, France, who had attained the remarkable age of 104 years. It is curious to note what a checkered series of events this antique Frenchman must have seen in that fantastically governed country, for he was born under Louis XV, lived under Louis XVI, the Convention, the Directory, the Empire under the Great Napoleon Bonaparte, Louis XVIII, the Hundred Days, the restoration of Charles X, the bloody Revolution of 1830, Louis Phillippe, the Revolution of 1848, the Republic, the Empire under Napoleon III, the Carnage of 1871, the Commune, and the present Republic.

IT does not seem that the art of Ballooning has progressed very rapidly since the era of Montgolfier. The fine theories of enthusiasts in this special instance are apt indeed to melt into "thin, thin air" when put into practice, and while the number of lunatics upon the subject of flying machines, is increasing, there does not seem to be as yet any definite practical idea of how hovering into the realms of ether is to be accomplished. The rocket theory is too violent a one to put into general use, though it might be a good thing to use certain mortals as projectiles and rid the earth of them by shooting them into space. The sad fact is that gravitation has the best of us, and we must stick to earth as long as earth sticks to us, and there is no help for it, however great our aspirations to reach the moon like Jules Verne's heroes.

WHEN Photography first came in it was thought it would seriously interfere with painting and the sister arts. It has proved on the contrary to be a valuable aid to art. Now-a-days the priceless and peerless works of the best artists are reproduced by the camera and sold cheaply to the great benefit of the people of limited purses, who can have all the master-pieces of the world in their album at a moderate outlay. Engravers now use Photographs to enable them to prepare and trace upon their plates the accurate outlines of pictures which they wish to copy, thus saving time and labor, besides making a more accurate delineation. And surely nothing finer in the art line can exist than the present superb copies of the best paintings by the art of Photo Lithography. The copies have all the appearance save color, of the original picture even to the marks of the brush, and are far superior to line engravings.

WHAT Solomon said about "many books" is true enough, and its truth is proved by the multitude of books produced now-a-days; but it is equally true that the best books only survive, and the bad ones descend into the limbo of corner stalls and rag shops. A real classic is seldom picked up at a stall, it is hard to get a Thackeray or Dickens there, and when they do appear, they are pounced upon immediately for their value is known, and if we chance upon a copy by accident, it is too often the case that it is an odd volume or a mutilated one.

The book stall is the almshouse of pauper volumes whose friends have forsaken them, and here they come "tattered and torn and all forlorn" to live on the charity of the passer by. They have seen better days, many of these poor volumes, and better company. Here are novels by hundreds that were eagerly pored over by fine ladies, but the gilt is tarnished, and the binding worn colorless and the author is unknown. It is a curious place, a book stall, and a delightful place too, for one never lingers about it without the hope of finding lost treasure there.

PHYSICIANS are at present discussing the merits of Coca as a sedative. Coca is a Peruvian plant, the *Erythroxylon Coca* which grows wild in South America and is largely used there by the natives as a substitute for alcohol and tobacco in stimulating the system, and enabling it to undergo great fatigue without consequent depression. At the Centennial, one may have seen in the Peruvian department a small glass jar containing the leaves of this singular plant, and which attracted great curiosity. It is chewed with lime—the alkali acting to increase the power of the leaf—but it is said that it can be used just as efficaciously without the lime. Some of the college athletes have been using it with good results, and it has tended, it seems, to increase bodily vigor in a manner which alcohol, opium and tobacco never have been able to accomplish. It is certainly a boon if it can do all that is claimed for it, and in our over-worked world, it will prove a blessing indeed if it stimulates without maddening, and calms the spirit without wearing the body. It will be interesting therefore to note the results of scientific experiments upon its use.

IT is a great pity that good music is such a high priced luxury. We can hear so much wretched trash for nothing, and it is provoking to think of having to pay a dollar for only a passable opera. We never had but one neighbor who could play on the piano with taste, and he soon moved away, and another neighbor moved in who droned psalms all day and all night out of a wheezy melodeon, or else hammered jerky dance music out of a tuneless piano enough to make the dancers limp. And in Summer when the windows are all open the neighborhood is resonant with caterwauling and "jangling of sweet bells out of tune," and all for nothing, free, cheap, and popular; or else a hand-organ or hurdy gurdy or little German band fills up the intervals with distracting discords. And then if we pay our dollar to hear Kellogg or Thomas' Orchestra, or the Boston Quintette Club, or any other good thing, we are sure to be annoyed by our discordant neighbor again, who seats himself within ear-shot to talk and laugh and hum during the tenderest parts of the symphony, and there is no harmony for us anywhere or at any price after all.

THE celebrated lion-tamer Herr Driesbach, or Jake Driesbach, as he was called, died on the 5th of December at the age of seventy years. He had a remarkable career, which reads like a romance. At the age of twenty-seven he was one day set to cleaning the cage of a Brazilian tiger in the Zoological Gardens in New York. It was usual to clean the cages from the outside, but Driesbach thought it better to creep into the cage when the men were absent, and began to go to work. When the men saw Jake in the cage with the beast they told him to "get out," "he would get killed," "nobody had ever been in there before, &c." Jake remained and defied the tiger and cleaned the cage under the very nose of the beast. He trained several animals and had great success in London, Paris and other European capitals. He met with a great many adventures. Here is one of them in his own words: "I was in Cincinnati. The proprietor of Wood's Theatre wanted me to engage with him, but we couldn't come to terms. I left for Zanesville, and he telegraphed me to come back and exhibit at my own terms. I hastily caged a tiger in a common store box and took an Ohio steamer. I registered myself as Herr Driesbach and Colonel Alexander (the tiger's name), of South America. The captain was the only one on board who knew me or knew what I had with me. The chambermaid got orders to take up the carpet in the Herr's and Colonel's stateroom and put straw down, and she said she would like to know what kind of a heathen that Alexander is that sleeps on nothing but straw.' She obeyed orders, however, and I put my box in the stateroom, opened it, and the tiger walked in and was chained, and no one was the wiser. Well, some of the passengers wanted some beer, or something stronger, maybe, and they knew the captain had good stuff in his state-room. They went to the captain's room, had a nip, and he proposed they should go to my room to see if I hadn't some of the same sort. In they went. The tiger happened to be under the berth and they didn't see it. Says I, 'Gents, you can't drink that straight! I'll go for a pitcher of water and glasses.'' Well, I and the captain went out, closed the door after us, and looked through the key-hole. The folks in there soon began to hear a scratching and growling. They tried to get the door open, but couldn't. The tiger glared and prepared to leap. Just then out they dug, head-over heels, pell mell, and we set up a laugh, for Aleck was chained, and I showed them all how he couldn't hurt them. Then they called the ladies down to see the tiger, and they got to patting him, and he seemed to like it hugely."

MAKING A PIUTE DOCTOR.—A Nevada paper says: "It has been a question unsolved by many how the doctors of the tribes of Indians got their sheepskins. We have of late heard of several executions for inability to bring about a cure among the Piutes, and now we have the particulars at hand how they elect a successor in case of the death of a medicine man or woman. All the adult members of the tribe are called together; a white round stone is provided for each and all except one, and that is a black one; these are all put in a sack together and passed around, each hand drawing out a pebble. The one drawing the black stone is thereafter to act as a medicine men or women, as the case may be, for man and woman have to take their chances of drawing. The doctor-elect then must qualify himself as best he can—the more the better—for he will have a longer lease of life; because, on the death of a third patient, he is put to death in a summary manner. Sometimes shot, again stoned to death, and at others burned."

INTRODUCTION OF THE POTATO.—Sir Walter Raleigh proved to be one of the greatest benefactors to his own country, and eventually to the United States, by the introduction of the potato, in the year 1584. The root was first planted on Raleigh's estate at Youghall, which was afterwards sold to the Earl of Cork, and the person who had the management of the estate mistook the flower, or fruit, as he called it, for the valuable part, and, on tasting the potato half pronounced it a pernicious exotic. Sometime afterwards, on turning up the earth, it was discovered that the root had spread largely, and in considerable quantities; and from this source Great Britain's potato supply commenced, and then, gradually, the cultivation was extended through North America. The potato is supposed to have been a native of Mexico.

PREHISTORIC MAN.—According to a letter from Bellona, N. Y., to the Rochester *Democrat*, men, or at least animals that make tracks like men, some 20 feet in height, used to live in that vicinity during the early history of the place. Perfectly formed foot-prints 35 inches long have been found in large numbers.

HOME CULTURE.
XXVIII.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

ERRATUM.

By a mistake of the compositor capital letters were introduced into the form given in our last number for an invitation to a marriage. It should have read:

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vivian,
request your presence
at the marriage of their daughter,
Miss Retta E. Vivian,
to
Mr. Beresford Chesterfield,
On Thursday, October 11th, at twelve o'clock,
Grace Church,
Clarendon Square.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED].

Again, it may be a young girl who is doomed to experience the mortal blindness of love's glamor, accepting a man's attentions, and faithfully believing that he is honestly seeking in her his kindred spirit, wishing to find his fitting life-companion. All his loving looks, and subtle, vague suggestive words, which may mean anything, and to which he gives the meaning by his looks; all his pretended confidences and crafty bids for sympathy meant nothing but a selfish seeking of his own pleasure. Had she not been under the delusive glamor of love, she would have listened to her parents' counsels, and frustrated his cruel aims. Or, some inexperienced youth may be entrapped by the wiles of a fair coquette before he knows where he is, though every one else can see the run of the lines and the shape of the trap, and more than one have spoken words of warning, or called out to him to mind his ways. But under the spell, he runs headlong into the jaws of ruin; for there are some loyal hearts which can never shake off the effects of the glamor by which they have been led and betrayed, and who thenceforth lose their faith in the womanhood that they have before trusted in as a Christian trusts in his Redeemer.

No, to prove all things and hold fast to that which is proved, is not the course of the man or woman who is under this glamor; and yet, for lasting happiness in married life there is no more important requirement, than this. In it is the true aspect and scope of duty to themselves and to each other; this it is which keeps husbands and wives faithful unto death.

Faithfulness makes our life with anyone almost divine, for it seems to give the enduringness of God to human love, and bestows on it the beauty and colors of eternity.

There is no comfort on this earth, which shakes ever beneath our feet, like that we feel when we can say, "I possess one on whose character and heart I can lean as on a rock." There is even a touch of Heaven in affections which are guilty, when they are faithful unto death. He, then, who finds faithfulness on earth finds a pearl of great price for which he might sell all his goods, and live in poverty content. But how infinitely rare it is—so rare that it is hard to believe it exists at all in the perfection we demand. There is nothing for which we ask so much proof, and we do not give it faith till we have proved it, after years of trial.

It is the one thing in which we make the least allowance for the weakness of human nature, for unless it is perfect we do not care for it. All its beauty lies in its being without a flaw. If it is stained, even in the slightest; if a falsehood touches it, if in a moment of vanity or heedlessness something is done which is untrue to its strong delicate life, it is faithfulness no longer. The divinity of it passes away, and the thing is now of the earth, earthy. No wonder then, that we want proof of this quality. It is far too great and dear a thing to trust in lightly, for the ruin is too terrible almost for flesh and blood to bear, if, having truly trusted in the faithfulness of anyone, it fail us in the end. To believe in the fidelity of love, and to abhor oneself afterwards for one's belief—no one will lightly expose himself to that, who has once known the overwhelming misery of it. No one should ever trust to the faithfulness of man or woman, until it has been found to be as true in temptation as in its absence, in adversity as in joy.

This may, at first thought, seem to make too great a demand on feeble human nature; but men and women, of thought and character, do not choose to enter lightly into such relations as ask for, or promise to give, absolute faithfulness, lest they should expose themselves to a treachery which may darken all their lives. They only ask much when this one quality is in the case, and when they give or resolve it, they must give it and have it at its best. It must be faithfulness unto death. For the rest of life they do not make half as large demands as the thoughtless do. They do not expect their leaders in politics or religion to be always true to the highest, they do not expect perfection in character, or unfailing justness or kindness in life, or perfect sympathy in sorrow, or unforgetfulness in absence; they do not expect entire nobility in act or speech, or unshaken courage in trial, or unstained faithfulness to good in life. They do not expect these things; they know their own weakness, and they do not think that others are not weak; they know how easily they are overtaken in a fault, and they make allowances for others—they live and let live, and do not magnify, by slander or gossip, the frailties of their kind; but if faithfulness is asked of them, or belief in the faithfulness of another, they do make there the demand that it shall be absolute, sustained, perfect—for they know that the failure of it would turn their life into a desert. This is a chance that no man or woman will lightly run. And yet if it is better to run it, and take its possible misery, than to be so guarded and suspicious as not to be able to believe in faithful love. It is better to love, believe, and be deceived, than to distrust all, than to be afraid to risk one's happiness on the faith of another, where that one has given no cause for distrust. Men and women are born to believe and trust, and will do so where the qualities exist which inspire belief and confidence. Some terrible blow must first cut into the heart before the vital blood of faith flows away and leaves it robbed of this, its life-giving power. But it is possible to be faithful unto God in the very bitterness of such an experience even, and he who is so, will not lose faith in human nature, because of the glamor which led him on to trust one false heart. More than one Gibralter bears the buffeting of storms, and the fierce winds from polar currents, while Table Rock crumbles and disappears, because it has no secure foundation. There must be a secure foundation for every rock; for every house, or, when storms beat upon it will fall away. To be faithful unto death are words of great significance. Even without sharp trials, there are difficulties enough in ordinary life to try our fidelity to duty, to call upon the exercise of all our force of character. When we have to go on, day by day, contending with a passionate nature, or even a sluggish one—limiting the one, enkindling the other—meeting small temptations every hour, so that watchfulness must never be relaxed; when, no sooner is one wrong-doing laid in the grave than another rises up, so that the sword of life is never in the scabbard; when we know that this must go on for years till death comes—then, not to give way to anger, or to weariness, not to brood over the battle, but to take it frankly as it comes, as part of the day's work; to make of high endeavor an inward light, which keeps the path before us always bright; to conquer the chill of custom and the weight of commonplace, and be inspired always by an inward thought; to pour into life such love of God and man that all things will grow beautiful and worthy to be done, and to look forward, persevering to the last, "from well to better, daily self-surpast," this is to be faithful unto death, and for these things there is the crown of life. Great are the powers of man to the power of God, but there is one greater than all, says the same writer, Rev. S. A. Brooke. It is a faithful heart.

CHAPTER X.

MIXED SOCIETY.

I must put you on your guard, my dear Sylvia, against both the manners and the morals—for it is difficult to separate the two—that prevail among the set to which the Flounders belong. They are exceedingly fast, and, to use a phrase, which I am told is much in vogue, "rowdy." It is the fault of the rich *parvenu* society to which they belong, to tolerate and cultivate a familiarity of address, manner, and tone, which you will never meet with among really well-bred people. The time was when, if men elected to be fast and rowdy, they had to be fast and rowdy among themselves, or at worst, among women who were not in society. Then it never entered any one's head to suppose that love was made to an unmarried girl, save in the lower ranks of society, but for the honorable purposes of marriage; the most abandoned and adventurous men confining their enterprises to those married women who were thought capable of disgracing their condition. It has remained for our age, which boasts so much of moral progress, to produce men, and often married men, who pay court to unmarried girls, and to produce girls to listen to them. * * * * * Very few men, till after they have passed middle life, have much interest in women remaining virtuous. So long as their mothers, sisters, and wives conduct themselves properly, that is all they seem to require.—Letter of a Grandmother in "The Truth."

American society (especially at its Summer-resorts), has been said to be a very elaborate puzzle to comprehend; and foreigners often think that wealth is its "open-Sesame;" but whatever influence wealth may have, culture has more in its really best circles. It may be entirely overshadowed by claims of wealth, through sheer force of superior numbers, in some places, and in some classes; but it is everywhere recognized as a sufficient passport in itself to the highest social circles. Education, says an English writer, is the key-note of the best society. "A blockhead makes a blockhead his companion," says Emerson; and it will be noticed that when an Englishman, or any foreigner, possessing bad manners, visits this country, he chooses that circle, or clique, in which he feels the most at home. He would not feel at ease in the company of well-bred persons anywhere. Devoid, himself, of that delicate tact which is far more subtle than any mere occasional veneer of conventional manner, he betrays the coarse and vulgar soul which bad manners indicate; for nothing is truer than the old saying, "Manners are the index of the soul." We may find this tact in humble artisans, we may miss it in aristocrats, but the lower we go down in the social strata, the less do we find of that mutual courtesy and forbearance which leads its members to place any value upon the fine points which regulate the intercourse of all well-bred people.

If every one took pains to be informed concerning the right and best in social intercourse and usage, and looked at the matter as one of real importance, and not of frivolous trifling, rudeness and *gaucherie* would soon disappear from among us.

In our American education we miss the tradition, the precedent, the tyranny of etiquette. We must try to perfect our system of culture, we must be patient of criticism and tolerant of advice, says Mrs. Sherwood.

Now, if the matter of personal refinement, and the absence of vulgarities had only to do with mere conventional usages, its presence or absence would be of very little significance, and certainly would not be of sufficient importance to make it one of the questions of the day, as it is. But a great deal more is effected by personal culture than by observance of a code of arbitrary details. The high-breeding which was practically the same in the Athens of Pericles, the Rome of Augustus, the Constantinople of Justinian, the Paris of Louis XIV, and the cosmopolitan drawing rooms of our own day, is ultimately reducible to the factors of that consideration for each other's feelings, which is the social exponent of the Law of Rights, and familiarity with all those matters which set forth the Law of Beauty, whether in literature, art, dress, or personal culture. Hence, there is quite a charm to the polished in polished society, quite apart from its moral or intellectual level. Men and women who have had all the advantages of refinement from their cradles are easy to get along with, because the whole bent of their education, such as it is, has been to inculcate lessons of social tact, of mutual forbearance, of habitual familiarity with graceful, beautiful and delicate things. They would feel any gross rudeness like a sword-thrust, and consequently they are the ones who respect the claims of others, even as they expect their own to be respected. One practical result of all this is, that a powerful curb is put upon self-conceit and self-assertion, vulgarity of nature and purse-pride, and upon all whose tendency of their self-indulgence is to make others uncomfortable. By this silent repression the weak are protected against the powerful, and the liberty, equality and fraternity of pleasant intercourse are made possible. Men and women who are pushing or pretentious, or too loud and pronounced, or who are wanting in culture, who are too much given to narrative, to punning, to sarcasm, or to tattling, who monopolize the conversation, paying little attention to what is said in reply, are not accepted as good form, and thus society is protected. What American society is really most in need of to-day is a better general understanding of the duties and privileges of its members—a settled code of regulations, such as is found everywhere in corresponding circles abroad, and by means of which people meet each other in harmony and peace, with the greatest amount of pleasure to all parties. Now, misunderstandings are constantly occurring which with an established code might be prevented.

A stranger, arriving at Newport for the first time this Summer, sent his letters and made his calls at the houses where his letters introduced him. He was most cordially received by all, invited to return on their reception days, and also to dine with one of the families. The gentleman who extended the dinner invitation called upon him; but the days passed on, and no calls or cards were received from the gentlemen of the other families. Consequently he did not feel at liberty to accept the informal invitations that had been extended to him upon the occasion of his calls at the other houses. When, at last, he met one of the ladies, he was taken kindly to task for absenting himself on the lady's reception-day. Surprised to find such conflicting ideas, he addressed a note to the lady whose dinner invitation he had accepted, telling her the circumstances and asking her to give him her opinion of the neglect upon their next meeting. The following quotation from the note explains itself:

"I fear that I have offended Mrs. Goodform by not understanding a certain point of etiquette as she did. To have varying ideas as to social duties is as confusing as to have a double standard for weights and measures. Of the three families to whom I brought letters of introduction, only yourself understood points of civility as I did, and consequently your husband was the only one who left a card for me at my lodgings. Not being 'native here and to the manner born,' what wonder if I give offence to some?"

Here was a point where had the gentleman who took the letters been acquainted with our customs he would not have waited to have his call returned before accepting the cordially extended invitations of those to whom he had brought them. However important it may be in Europe to receive the card of the gentleman which announces to you that you are admitted to his house upon the footing of an acquaintance, it is considered by many in America a thing of no moment, and an invitation given by a lady, formally or informally, should be accepted as cordially as if the form of leaving a card on her husband's part had been gone through with. Many Americans who scrupulously observe this form with foreigners, omit it with their own countrymen because of the non-importance which is here attached to the receiving of a return card before accepting an invitation. The invitation, in fact, is considered by some as the return courtesy that the call and letter demands, and few persons in America would, under such circumstances, think a previous call upon a single gentleman absolutely binding. Not so with a first call made by a lady. That requires a return call everywhere, but if the acquaintance of the person calling is not desired, cards are handed in by the footman without any inquiries being made as to whether the ladies are at home. High-bred people are very punctilious in their observance of all rules which involve a regard for the feelings of others, considering a disregard of them an unpardonable vulgarity. Respect for the feelings and rights of others is the peculiar ornament of those lives that are not wanting in self-respect everywhere.

The tribute we all claim for ourselves as our inalienable due from others, is also their inherited and inalienable right, without regard to varying circumstances of birth and social position.

Great weight attaches to family descent in many parts of our country. When we remember that one family is as old as another as far as age is concerned, then we see the absurdity of valuing a family alone for its age; but when we find one family old in culture, physical and mental, and in the introduction into life of the attractive and beautiful, the high and unselfish; and another family new and crude, with no appreciation of high and noble qualities of mind and heart, then we see why it is that, even in a republic, families are valued as being old families. If such families seem sometimes to be despotic, in certain circles, is it not better than that despotism of wealth which is under the reign of pure and unadulterated snobbishness?

The English complain that the peers and baronets of recent creation are influencing the manners, and lowering the tone of society with their bustling ways and vile habits; and still others hold the heir-apparent as responsible for the change, in replacing the original with the counterfeit presentment, false standards of honor, perverted conceptions of dignity for the genuine. Here it is, where the deepest roots of snobbishness lie—deeper than those which germinate in the ostentation of newly and suddenly-acquired wealth. Snobbishness implies unreality, pretense; and whatever tends to place the unreal above the real, the accident above the essence, is one of the manifestations of snobbishness. This it is which makes the reign of wealth which some of our social circles are under, not merely a tyranny, but a peril. At present there is not visible the slightest indication on the part of those, who might possibly have the power, to terminate or to mitigate this despotism; still, when one recalls what society in the same circles was, especially in this city (New York), from five to ten years since, one is compelled to acknowledge that outwardly it is better in morals, although nearly as bad as manners.

An Englishman writing on the subject of "Mixed American Society," says: "As everywhere else, social manners are built up by ladies, and American ladies of really good society are admirably polished. They cannot fail, in the course of time, to polish the men, too, and the day is not far distant when New York, Boston and Newport society will be as refined as that of the Faubourg St. Germain, and that of the royal part of the West End."

The *Saturday Review* complains bitterly of the tendency, in English society, to increasing freedom of manners, and a relaxation of those prudent restraints on giddiness or forwardness, which used to be an indispensable protection to all modest women. There is a sufficient accumulation of human experience since the world began to explain the necessity of those social rules which are now falling into contempt, and the danger of disregarding them. The conduct of people mainly depends upon their habits, and if those habits tend in a certain direction, and present constant temptation to, and opportunities for evil doing, the decline is usually found slippery enough by those who try how far they can slide, in the hope they will still be able to pull themselves up again on the verge of sudden peril. It is not merely that the prevalence of free and easy manners affords a convenient covering to vicious courses, but that it also serves as an encouragement to innocent people to trust themselves on dangerous ground. Nothing is so fatal as the curiosity which leads women into experiments of this kind, and it is inevitable that out of a number of cases there should be some disasters. It is no excuse to say that some women are quite able to take care of themselves under such circumstances, for in the first place, this is seldom true, and, in the next, mischief is done by the example which is set to those of warmer feelings, or weaker resolutions. Cases occur from time to time, which supply illustrations. Womanly modesty has been compared to an onion which is composed of successive folds, and, these being stripped off, one by one, there is found to be nothing left. The suppression of any of the precautions which are required to keep libertines at arm's length, not only weakens the general defence, but fosters the audacity and unscrupulousness of the enemy. It is quite impossible for any one who has his eyes open, to be blind to the injurious influence which fast women are having upon society. Indeed, the fashion of the day in fast circles is to sail so very near the wind, that they who have altogether renounced the restraints of law and opinion, and who are so far honest as to be consistent, must feel their manor poached upon by men and women whose aim is to seem to be much worse than they really are, says the London *Times*. Whether it be in talk, or in deed, in manners, or style, or in dress, the age certainly is everywhere showing a very open contempt of the safeguards which once formed the advance posts of propriety.

It is "the last school" that vitiates the tone, undermines the character and corrupts the whole atmosphere, till it becomes really a matter of less importance whether the guilt be gross and actual or only in the heart, mind, soul—indeed, in the whole nature. The tongue, true to its nature, cannot help being tell-tale, and its follies and ambiguities tell of the change within, long before there is an opportunity to carry will into deed. Those who have vacant minds, who spend their lives in a world of foolish amusements and frivolous gaiety, in a succession of flirtations, in running after pleasure wherever and with whomsoever it can be found, amid doubtful associations, at places and in circumstances where there cannot be but danger, and consumulation will find, should the last barrier give way, that the downward career of immorality beats the rolling stone of Sisyphus.

It is vain to ask how such a state of things exists. The mode of life has its attractions, and they are potent to certain natures. There is no reasoning against the baser instincts and the lower tastes. They must and will claim their way, and will sway a part of the world.

But although it may be vain to inquire how such a state of things as this is brought about, which English and American journalists have discussed so freely—it may not be wholly vain to search for some remedy.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE RIVER'S ANSWER.

BY MRS. MARY E. HALL.

White-winged and beautiful, swift-flowing river,
Chanting your sweet songs forever and ever;
Pause in your song, and come tell me, I pray,
Whither on white-wings so swiftly away!

Ever thou bringest me dreams of my childhood,
When on thy shore—near the deep-tangled wildwood—
River and sky softly blended together
In the calm twilight of sweet Summer weather.

Sometimes in day-dreams I am flying like thee,
As you dance on your course to the deep-sounding sea.
Sometimes my tired soul rises up in its might,
And enters the mystical portals of light.

Sometimes—oh, yes! I seem free from life's clod,
And then with delight hold communion with God;
Thus blest, through bright ether I joyfully fly
Too happy to live, and unwilling to die.

O, beautiful river, tell me, I implore,
Hast thou ever yet found a flower-bedecked shore,
Where joy was eternal, and life was supreme,
Where no shade of sadness could darken thy dream?

The river, reflecting the blue of the sky,
In a voice of strange melody makes this reply—
"There is but one land where the worn and oppressed,
The weak and the weary can find perfect rest.
This land to the poor of earth's children is given—
'Tis the city of gold—the unchangeable heaven.

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

The people of the great world did not quite understand Lady Caraven. She was among them, but not of them. In crowded ball-rooms, in the opera house, at garden parties, and where the lovers of fashion congregated, her noble, beautiful face, with its look of proud reserve, appeared out of place. She was very popular, very much liked, but not quite understood. Fair ladies whose lives were one gay round of pleasure wondered why smiles did not come as readily to her lips as to theirs—why she was graver, more thoughtful, more abstracted.

It was so strange a life; the world around her was so brilliant, so gay, there seemed no room in it for anything but laughter and song. There were times when she looked wonderingly at the bright faces of others, crying from the depths of her soul, "My heart is empty!"

The tender human heart was empty. She had loved her father dearly, and he had sold her to the handsome Earl for a title—for the gratification of a paltry ambition. She had tried to love her husband, and he had amused himself by telling her of his conquests—he had frankly owned that he did not care for her and that he never should. Her heart was empty. It was too noble to be filled with frivolity. She might have turned to that refuge for the destitute, flirtation. She might have thrown herself into the giddy vortex of the world—into the whirlpool of gaiety. She might have lived on excitement. But she was too noble for any of these things—she could not have consented to them.

"What shall I do with my life?" The cry that arises from so many aching hearts now arose from hers. She had no one to love, no one to care for, the very duties that might have occupied her were taken from her; and something of all this was told in the beautiful young face. She had many sad thoughts. No one was more popular in society than the handsome Earl; but people were quite alive to his failings, which were never treated very seriously—the rumor that he had lost a few thousands on the turf, a few hundreds at the gaming-table, was generally received with a smile. He was "faithless and light of heart," he never sighed over his misfortunes, and the world loved the smiling fashion in which he bore them.

People had not made up their minds as to whether he loved his beautiful girl-wife, and Hildred often heard remarks not intended for her ear. One evening she was standing behind a group of ladies in a crowded ball room, and she heard her own name.

"Have you seen Lady Caraven?" one asked another, and the answer was—

"Yes, I have seen her. She is very beautiful; but she is a thousand times too good for the Earl."

"Yes, it was a sacrifice," said the first speaker. "She does not look happy."

Again, she was in a crush-room one evening, when, feeling cold, she drew her opera-hood over her face, and she heard herself spoken of.

"The Countess of Caraven. Poor child, she is to be pitied!"

Why was it that people seemed to pity her? Did the whole world know that her husband had married her for her money and did not love her? She fancied it must be so—and that belief made her more retiring than ever.

One morning she was restless and could not sleep. She had been thinking about her strange lot in life until her head ached. The pillow was hot; she longed to be up and breathing the sweet fresh morning air. She touched the repeater; it was just four. She thought a book might soothe her, and she was much interested in a new novel. She was always very considerate about her servants. Many ladies would have rung for their maid, and have sent her for what they required; but Lady Caraven rose and put on her dressing-gown, intending to go to the drawing-room herself. Then the clear cold water in her dressing-room looked so tempting that she stopped and bathed her face and hands in it. She drew her wealth of dark hair behind her pretty shell-like ears. She had no thought of the lovely picture that she presented—her beautiful face glowing with roses from the cold water, her hair falling in most picturesque disorder, the graceful lines and curves of her figure showing to greatest advantage.

She went downstairs, and was surprised to see the large lamp still burning in the hall. She thought it had been forgotten, and went forward with the intention of putting it out. To her still greater surprise she saw Adolphe, her husband's valet, asleep in the great arm-chair. She spoke to him.

"Adolphe," she said, "what are you doing here? Why is this lamp still alight? It is morning."

The tired man servant looked round him with an air of stupefaction for half a minute, then arose, and, seeing the young Countess, grew puzzled and half-alarmed. What was he to say if she repeated the question?

"What are you doing here?" she asked again.

He dared not say that he was waiting for his master; but, before he had time to reply, there came fortunately a knock at the hall door, and the next moment the Earl stood before her. In amazement he looked at the vision before him.

"Hildred," he cried, "what are you doing here?"

"I came down to find a book, because I could not sleep, and, seeing the lamp burning, I intended to extinguish it."

Lord Caraven took out his watch.

"Four o'clock," he said. "I am late—or rather early. I have been playing at billiards since eleven."

She looked contemptuously at him.

"I believe," she said, "that your whole soul is engrossed in billiards."

"I have played the best game to-night that I have ever played in my life," he told her, laughing.

She made no reply. He continued:

"I will quote a popular line: 'If you are waking, call me early'—that is, some time after noon. We shall have a grand match at the club to-morrow evening, and I have staked a small fortune on the champion billiard-player of England."

Hildred looked at him—the handsome face was worn and haggard, the eyes were tired and dim. The picture was a striking one—the girl-wife in all the fresh beauty of her youth; the husband, still in his evening-dress, haggard, pale, yet handsome even in his fatigue; the lovely light of the morning struggling with the garish light of the lamp.

Hildred spoke at last—the valet had discreetly disappeared.

"I had no idea that you stayed out so late," she said gravely. "I do not think it is right."

"If I were you," returned her husband, "I would not waste any time in thinking about it. You know the old song:

'The best of all ways to lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.'"

"It must be hard for your servants," she said, "though perhaps very delightful to yourself."

"You forget our compact, Hildred," he said, his face clouding. "You go your way, and I go mine; but I will allow no interference; my outgoings and incomings have nothing to do with you—do not forget."

"I do not forget," she told him haughtily.

"I will never allow any one to make any comment upon my actions," he said. "I please myself, and I always shall."

"I make no comment," rejoined his wife.

He recovered his good-humor—it was impossible to look at her and do otherwise.

"We both, it appears, steal a few hours from the night, but mine are taken from the beginning, yours from the end. Good morning, Hildred;" and the next moment she was standing in the hall alone.

She went into the drawing-room and opened the shutters, letting in all the glory of the sunshine, all the fragrance of the morning air. She opened the windows and looked out at the tall green trees. How fair it was—this world on which she looked! The sky was glowing with crimson and gold, the dew lay shining on the grass, the western wind was fragrant with sweet odors.

Looking at the morning sky, she remembered her husband's handsome haggard face under the garish light of the lamp, and she turned away with a shudder. What a false unnatural life it was! How she loathed it! She laid her head against the cool green leaves of the plants that half filled the window, and, looking still at the morning skies, dreamed of the world, of life as it might have been—so different—ah, so different, if she had only married some one who loved her!

The beauty of the morning sky, the fragrance of the flowers, awoke in her heart a longing for love. If she had only married a husband who loved her—who would have talked to her, cared for her—who would not have placed her outside his life, and have treated her as a stranger—she could have lived in the green heart of the land, away from the brilliant city; the sun would always have shone for her.

So thinking, so dreaming, she fell asleep, with her head amongst the leaves, and the sun shining on her face.

When she awoke it was with a shudder; her dreams had all been of the Earl's anger. She remembered the scene of the early morning.

"And now," she thought, "he will sleep until sunrise to-morrow. What a life! May Heaven pardon us for the time we waste!"

It was not until dinner-time she saw her husband again, and then he did not look very well pleased.

"Hildred," he said sharply, "I hope you do not intend to repeat this morning's performance. If you want books, take them upstairs with you. It is like a scene from a French drama, to open the hall door and find one's wife waiting there."

"It was quite an accident," she replied. "How can you imagine it to have been otherwise?"

He appeared rather ashamed of his harshness.

"I have heard so many stories," he said. "I thought, perhaps, that some one had been telling you that I spend whole nights at billiards, and that you wished to find out for yourself whether it was true."

"You do not understand me," she returned haughtily, "if you think that I would allow anyone to speak evil of you to me."

He looked pleased.

"That is right," he said. "I see it was accidental. Do not let it occur again, Hildred. I should not like it. After all, you know liberty of action is the one great thing. I will let no one interfere with mine."

"I can assure you, Lord Caraven," she answered, "that I for one shall never try to do so."

"That is right," he said. "If you keep to that, we shall be good friends."

CHAPTER XVII.

A week after this little incident Arley Ransome called to see his daughter; he wished to congratulate her on her success in society, to tell her all that he had heard in her praise, and how his most sanguine dreams were being realized. As the father of Lady Caraven, people thought it worth their while to conciliate him. He was invited to houses where before this marriage he had never hoped to enter; he had been made welcome in the drawing-rooms of Belgravia and Mayfair. What was even better, his practice was increasing. Arley Ransome was a happy man.

He was shown into the library, where the young Countess sat alone, royally beautiful, in a close-fitting dress of black velvet—velvet that fell in rich folds and swept the ground around her. The charming head and face were set off by the dark drapery; she held a book in her hands, but she had not read one word it contained. She looked up when her father entered, and he was struck by the despondency of her young face, the weariness of her dark eyes, the drooping attitude. He went up to her and, as usual, complimented her. She was looking so well, so beautiful, he must say, and what a success he had achieved!

No smile answered—the weariness and the despondency deepened. He took a seat by her side, and told her all that he thought would interest her most. Was she listening? He did not know, for she made no reply. Suddenly—and the shock of it quite startled him—she raised her eyes to his face.

"Father," she said, "do you know what manner of man this is to whom you have sold me?"

"My dear Hildred, hush! Pray be more guarded in your speech."

"I repeat, do you know what manner of man my husband is?"

"Oh, now you put the question in better form, I can answer it! You really should not use the word 'sold,' as though you were a slave; we do not sell people in England."

She laughed—surely the most dreary, the saddest laugh that ever fell from such young lips.

"We will not dispute about a word, papa. Answer my question—do you know what manner of man my husband is?"

"I know that the Earl is considered a very handsome, fascinating man by all who are acquainted with him," he replied.

"Handsome!" she repeated sorrowfully. "What has that to do with it? Do you know that he is utterly incorrigible—that he spends his days and nights in playing and betting—that he comes home at sunrise—that he neglects every duty?"

"Little foibles, my dear," he replied quickly; "you must not think too much of them."

She folded her hands, and they lay listlessly on her dress.

"Little foibles, papa? If men call those things little foibles, I should like to know what they considered great sins?"

"We will waive that, my dear—it is not a matter for discussion," said the lawyer, almost wishing that he had not called on that particular morning.

But she was not to be silenced.

"Did you know what he was when you allowed me to marry him?" she continued.

"I knew that he was Lord Caraven—and surely that was enough—a peer of the realm, a man of ancient descent."

"Did you know that he liked gambling and betting better than anything else in the world?" she asked.

"Mere foibles. All men have their weaknesses—these are his. You must have patience, my dear."

"Did you know," she continued, "that he does not even like me, and never did?"

"Nonsense, Hildred! You have all that you require," he said hastily.

"And a dead heart," she murmured—"a dead heart! Papa, you must remember that I am young, and that youth lives on love?"

"Nonsense!" he replied. "You have grown sentimental through having nothing to do, Hildred."

"It was a cruel thing, this marriage. I was so young—I might have been spared. It was a cruel deed."

"My dear Hildred," said Arley Ransome, growing alarmed, "I did not deceive you. I never told you that Lord Caraven loved you. He asked you to be his wife; there was nothing said about love."

"You told me that I could live without it," she said in a low voice.

"I did," he assented.

She struck her hands together with passionate fervor.

"I cannot!" she cried. "Heaven help me, I cannot! My heart is empty, my heart is dead, my life is vain. You deceived me when you told me that. You, my father, who should have saved me—who should have taught me better—you deceived me, and I wish that I were dead!"

"You are very unreasonable, Hildred," he said slowly.

"What have I to live for!" she cried. "I have no one to love me. My husband is a stranger to me; he values me less than his horse or his dog; he would not miss me if I died to-morrow; he has my money, he does not want me. There is no one in all this wide world so forlorn, so desolate as I am."

"You forget that I love you, Hildred."

"No, you never loved me, papa," she declared. "I am quite sure——"

"I am sure," interrupted Arley Ransome, "that Lord Caraven always seems kind to you."

"Kind!" she repeated. "He does not beat me; he is just as kind to his favorite dog as he is to me. Kind! That is not the relationship that should be between husband and wife; he does not love me, and he never will. Think of that—remember how young I am, how lonely. How am I to live through the stretch of years? My husband, papa, rarely speaks to me; he never takes the least interest in me. I do not believe that if I fell dead at his feet he would attempt to raise me from the ground."

"You exaggerate, my dear; it will all come right in time," he said soothingly.

"It will never come right for me, papa—and you know it."

With a passionate gesture she rose from her seat. She went over to him and laid her hands on his shoulders. She raised her sad, beautiful face to his.

"Father," she said, "I am frightened at myself. I cannot tell—I dare not think—how it will end. I was indifferent at first; but now," she continued, in a low tone, "I begin to dislike him."

"Oh, my dear, that is very wrong—very wrong indeed! A woman should never dislike her husband."

"Should a husband ever dislike his wife?" she asked. "Because my husband does dislike me. I am frightened at myself, for if I were to be here much longer I should hate him—hate him for his indolence, his self indulgence, his weakness of character—hate him, because through him my whole life is spoiled."

"Hush, Hildred! I will not listen to you. You are unreasonable. You have everything that a woman's heart can wish for; you have position; you are surrounded with luxury; you have boundless wealth. What more can you want?"

"I have all that, and I am an unloved wife. I have all that, yet I would change places with the poorest peasant woman whose husband loves her."

"That sounds well, my dear, but were you to try it, you would soon change your opinion. Now be reasonable, Hildred. Be content with what you have; do not long for what you have not. I wonder at your want of reason—your want of sense. You are like a child crying for the moon. How many girls in England would have been glad of the chance to be Countess of Caraven?"

"I hate the title!" she said, with a stamp of the foot.

"You are in a passion, Hildred. You are not yourself to-day. I am sorry that I called."

With an imploring gesture she held out her hands to him.

"Can you do nothing to help me, papa—nothing?"

He looked embarrassed and perplexed.

"What can I do, my dear? I can speak to Lord Caraven, but I have grave doubts as to whether that will improve matters. It is never a wise thing to interfere between husband and wife. I could ask him to take just a little more interest in you, if you like."

"No!" she cried, vehemently. "You do not understand. I mean, help me that I may not hate him—help me that I may be more patient. If I hated him I should be compelled to leave him—and I am drawing near it fast."

"You must not, Hildred. I am sure he is very lovable."

"But then, you see, papa," she objected, "he does not love me."

"He will do so in time. Everyone likes Lord Caraven. He is called 'The Handsome Earl.' I assure you, Hildred, that there is not a woman in London who would have refused him—not one."

"I wish that I had refused him," she said dreamily. "Papa, I am so frightened at myself. Do you know that I do not want him to love me now? I am beginning to dislike him—the sound of his voice is positively unpleasant to me. I would far rather be broken-hearted, longing for his love, than to be what I am now. I should be a better woman if I wept for his love, instead of feeling as I do now that it is not worth having. My better self is dead."

"My dear Hildred, all this is most absurd. You do not know what you want. You tell me that your husband does not love you—you make that the groundwork of your complaint—and then you tell me you cannot regret his want of love. The fact is, my dear, you are not yourself—you are over-tired. After your quiet life at St. Roche, all this excitement is too much for you. I should advise you to keep quiet for a few days, and then you will be all right."

The tragedy of sorrow seemed to pass from her face.

"Thank you, papa," she replied. Her hands fell listlessly. "You speak as you think. It is not your fault that you do not understand me. We will say no more about it."

"That is right," said Arley Ransome, looking greatly relieved. "Now you speak like a reasonable woman. Philosophers say that women have impulse but no reason—I shall begin to think that they are wrong."

He talked with his usual brisk cheerfulness about many indifferent subjects, and then took his leave. But although he had silenced his daughter, he was not disposed to allow this kind of thing to continue, if he could help it. It would end badly—his own knowledge of the world told him that. So he called at the Earl's club, and there he found him as usual.

"I have just been to Halby House," he said, "and have been spending half an hour with Hildred."

The Earl raised his eyebrows, which was the only mark of interest he thought it worth while to bestow.

"I do not think that she looked very well, and what was worse, she did not appear happy."

"Women never do unless they have new diamonds every day," declared the Earl.

"I do not think that Hildred requires new diamonds; but I think perhaps that if you——"

"I," interrupted the Earl—"I have nothing to do with it. I have a nervous dread of people who do not look happy. Pray do not appeal to me. Hildred is all right—I see nothing to complain of."

"I should not like to see anything that called for complaint," said Arey Ransome sternly.

"Speak frankly," cried Lord Caraven, "I understand plain English. Has your daughter been complaining about me?"

"She has not," was the reply.

"So much the better for her," said the Earl, "and so much the better for me."

Arley Ransome owned to himself that the events of that day had not been altogether pleasant.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Hildred," said Lord Caraven, "Captain Fane will dine with us this evening. Try to get some one else to meet him."

She was in the library, busily engaged in writing letters to St. Roche, and her husband's sudden entrance startled her. It was a bright morning, and the sun shone on her graceful head. She wore a pretty morning costume, with dainty white lace encircling the white throat and arms. A man's heart might have warmed to her with exceeding great love—Lord Caraven's did not; he never even stopped to look at her, to make any inquiries about her, or to speak a few words of kindly greeting.

"Captain Fane dines with us this evening," he repeated, and then Hildred laid down her pen and looked into his face.

"I do not like Captain Fane," she said quickly.

"Possibly—but then, you see, that has nothing to do with the matter."

He spoke quite good-humoredly, but his wife saw a slight flush on his face.

"Captain Fane, you may be surprised to hear, was rude to me when I saw him at Ladsley's ball."

"Indeed! I have never heard anything against him of that kind. If he really was rude, you must have annoyed him."

"I did nothing of the kind, Lord Caraven," she said quietly.

"What did he do or say?" he asked.

"I decline to tell you. You evidently disbelieve what I say; but if Captain Fane dines here, I shall not."

"That is as you wish," he replied.

"I mean it, Lord Caraven. If Captain Fane dines here, I shall not enter the dining-room."

"Then I must make an apology for your absence, and say that you have a headache," he replied.

"I will give no orders for dinner for Captain Fane," said Hildred.

"I think you will, Lady Caraven; if not, they will be given for you. Mind there is a limit to my patience—you must not often abuse it. It is plain that you dislike Captain Fane because I like him."

"No, it is not so, I assure you, Lord Caraven. I was told not many days since that Captain Fane was strongly suspected of some unfair dealings at cards, and would be requested to leave your club."

"I do not believe it," he said abruptly. "It is mere gossip—it is not true."

"It is true, for the Duchess of Morley told me. She said she would tell me whom to know, and whom not to know; amongst the latter was Captain Fane."

"It is all nonsense," he said, but he began to think there might be something in the story.

"You are at liberty to believe or disbelieve," returned his wife haughtily. "I will say no more—only that I refuse distinctly to meet Captain Fane."

The Earl quitted the room really angry at last. He was naturally of an even temper. He was perhaps too indolent to be of any other, but he was really angry this time.

"A schoolgirl like that to defy me in my own home," he said; "it is quite unendurable."

He rang for the housekeeper and gave orders for a *recherche* dinner.

"She shall see," he thought, "that those airs will not do with me."

Hildred had gone to her room. She would not permit the servants to know there was anything wrong. Her only resource was to shut herself up in her room and leave them to imagine that she had a bad headache. Shut up there she heard all that passed. She heard Captain Fane's arrival, and dinner being served. She heard the sound of laughter—then came a silence, and she knew, just as though she had been present, that the Earl and his guest were playing at cards.

Captain Fane did not leave the house until after two in the morning, and then Hildred heard her husband go to his own room.

She was deeply mortified. Of how little use, of how little value she was in that house after all! She expressed decided disapprobation of a person, and he was received with all honor. She had said she would not enter the room if he were there; he came, and she was compelled to remain away. She had no influence, no command—she was merely a cipher. She walked quickly up and down the room, her beautiful face all flushed, her eyes bright with anger, her fingers interlaced.

"I cannot bear it much longer," she said. "I am beginning to hate him—Heaven help me, to hate him! What shall I do?"

That night no sleep, no rest came to her. She was thinking hour after hour what she was to do. The prospect before her frightened her. She saw no light in the dark clouds, no hope, no help—the years stretched out dark and dreary; and she wept the silent hours away. She felt half nervous on meeting her husband again; although there was no love, no affection between them, still it was not often that they had angry words.

It was the close of the afternoon when he came in, and he went at once in search of her.

"Hildred," he said, "I have come to apologize to you—to beg your pardon for my want of civility yesterday. I am afraid that I lost my temper."

She bowed with cold politeness.

"Hildred," he cried; "I will not be put off with a ceremonious bow. Do you know that the fact of quarreling and making friends with you again makes me feel that we ought to be on the best of terms; do not bow to me; say that you accept my apology."

"I accept it," she replied, "and beg your pardon if I have displeased you."

"That is satisfactory. Now I have to tell you that you were right, and that I was wrong. Captain Fane is a cheat and a rogue. I won a hundred pounds from him last evening. I have returned it to-day—I would not soil my fingers with his money. What the Duchess told you was quite true—he was detected cheating at cards. A long farewell to Captain Fane. He was not worth quarreling about—was he, Hildred?"

"No," she replied; and something of happiness, to which she had long been a stranger, sprung up in her heart because he spoke so kindly to her.

For a day or two after that little incident matters were more pleasant between them. Then the old indifference came back, and the young wife's misery with it.

May was drawing to a close, when Lord Caraven one evening received a letter which appeared to give him the keenest delight. He read it, and then went with it to his wife.

"Hildred, here is good news; but I am too hasty—perhaps you will not think it good news."

"If it pleases you so much I shall," she replied gently.

"You have heard me speak of my cousin Sir Raoul Laureston, the 'hero of a hundred fights?'"

"No," replied Hildred. "I have never even heard his name."

"That seems strange," said the Earl.

"Not at all," she replied quietly. "You forget that you have never spoken of your family to me at all. I do not know the name of a single relative that you have."

He looked incredulously at her.

"I am very careless," he said; "but I did not think I was as bad as that. I will make amends now by telling you about Sir Raoul Laureston."

"Raoul," repeated Hildred. "Is he—no, he cannot be a Frenchman, Lord Caraven, if he is a relative of yours."

"No, but the name has puzzled many people. His mother was a French lady of noble birth, and one of her ancestors named Raoul de Carcelles, distinguished himself in the French wars; it was her fancy to name her boy after him."

Hildred repeated the word "Raoul." "I like the name, Lord Caraven," she said slowly.

"And I like the man," he told her. "I do not know anyone in the world whom I like better than Raoul. Yet he gives himself great airs with me. He is—you will laugh when you hear it—my master—at least used to be in years gone by. But what I wanted to tell you is this—he is coming back to England, and he has always made his home at my house; he has never lived anywhere but at Halby House or Ravensmere—never—and I hope never will."

She looked up at him wonderingly.

"I understand. But what has that to do with me?"

He looked somewhat confused.

"After all you are the mistress of the house, the *chatelaine*, and I should not like to ask anyone to make their home with us who would be at all—now let me see how to express myself diplomatically—who would be displeasing to you."

"Thank you," she said, briefly.

"After all, home—whether it be happy or miserable—is always home, and I should not like to make yours really uncomfortable. If you say that Sir Raoul will be in your way at all I will not ask him—if you think you will be as happy with him as without him, then I shall be pleased to see him in his old place."

"I thank you for your consideration," she replied with dignity; "but as nothing could possibly make what you call 'home' more unhappy for me, and the coming of a stranger, who may prove a friend, will be some little comfort, I say unhesitatingly 'Yes.'"

He looked at her half sadly.

"Are you really unhappy—really not happy?" he asked.

"If living where no friendly face ever smiles on me, where no friendly voice ever reaches my ear, where no one cares for me or takes the least interest in me, be happiness, then I must be very happy," she said bitterly.

"Is it so bad as that?" he asked—and there was a shadow of pain on his face.

"It is worse," she replied. Only a few short weeks since her heart would have beaten fast with happiness to hear words spoken so kindly; now she turned away, and from her heart to her lips rose the unspoken prayer, "Heaven help me, for I am beginning to hate him!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACETIÆ

—In the matter of riddles there is nothing so successful as a sieve.

—The new sport, Polo, is played out. It was a game and for want of friends it died; yet it died game.

—One would naturally suppose that the best music ought to proceed from either a square or upright piano.

—One of the best methods in the world to get rid of disagreeable acquaintances is to lend them some money.

—To get a cheap coat there are better ways than to wait until the servant girl leaves the hall door open and then take one and run.

—The hog-breeders are not remarkable for any extraordinary tendency "to laugh," but nothing is more certain than that they "grow fat."

—There is a Jerseyman only twenty-five years of age who has already married four teen women. He is a clergyman and married them to their husbands.

—Mercy is boundless and perhaps this will be forgiven: When is a lot of frozen water in a cart like a trick resorted to by gamblers? When it's loade'd'ice.

—A cat has nine lives, it is true, and this may be the reason why when a man flings a brick at one, it always slams against the fence as if he was aiming at a rhinoceros.

—There are a good many Tories in sentiment in the United States still, and that is the reason they always put in harder smacks when they try to lick Washington on a postage stamp.

—The boys who made sleds last Autumn in expectation of the coming good time, are beginning to think, as they see them falling to pieces from decay, that earth is all vanity and corruption.

—To see a railway porter struggling with the baggage of a young bride about to travel, is enough to bring tears. He may only have the trunk, yet one would think he had an elephant on his hands.

—It frequently happens that those who work silently, as it were, and who do their best almost as if they were doing nothing at all, really perform the most efficient service. This is particularly the case with a buzz-saw.

—Some people don't get their Christmas presents until several months after the holidays. These are usually the fathers whose families have been buying liberally from the stores, and who tell them to put it in the "old man's bill."

—When Ulysses invited his friends to Ithaca and feasted them on the best goats of his store, he always used to wink at Penelope, as he said, pointing to the dish of billy just served: "Love, will you please pass along that plate of butter?"

—The tramps of the country say the lines:

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long"

have a direct reference to the question of work.

—A farmer out in the State lately dug a well, and got down deep enough to get good water. Desiring to increase the supply he went still deeper, and the top fell in, completely ruining his work. He now says he is sorry he did not let "well enough" alone.

—There are preachers who in an excess of charity have filled heaven with songsters and musicians of all kinds, but even the most daring and imaginative has never ventured on asserting that a person who ever played an accordeon on earth would be found among them.

—He had a difficulty with the Celestial about his wash, and he thought the shortest way of arguing the case was to knock him into a tub of his own suds, which he did. When he subsequently was asked to stand up and state why he was in the dock, he told the judge it was only because he took it into his head to smash some bad China.

—The Chicago Journal knows a thing or two. It says, "When a man imagines he is a prophet and a philosopher, he takes to long hair and a dirty overcoat." And when a man wears short hair and a striped suit, conspicuous, generally, by its absence of overcoat, it is likewise a proof that he is a man of taking habits and strong convictions.

—There is a time when a man would willingly lose the benefit of the old saw about the "busy bee," if it wasn't quite so busy. It generally happens about the hour when the insect has made up his mind to sit down on him somewhere and start an active business. Besides, for real industry, the hornet beats his humbler brother all hollow, but he gets no credit for it for all ha'.

—Scientific or medical inventions for all they do good sometimes, offer very often a cover for deception. If, on a railroad train, a very fat man is seen to draw a bottle containing a yellow-brown liquid from his pocket and apply it to his mouth, people generally say he is drinking vinegar to reduce himself in flesh, but let a thin mortal attempt the same experiment, and he is set down as one who loves whisky not wisely but too well.

—The American people are the greatest readers in the world. They read anything almost, and everything. Africa just now is a popular subject and many books treating of it are issued. All of them describe one of the sea-coast tribes who use buttons for money. This peculiarity makes such a deep impression on the minds of many readers, that when they go to church Sundays they thoughtlessly put buttons in the collection box instead of cash.

—There are few people, no matter what the Christmas just past brought them forth, who cannot look back over the times agone and see many a former year when by this time they had already slipped up and half broke their backs on a score of occasions, or when some boy had used up his superfluous muscular power by mashing them with snowballs, and "soakers" harder still. The weather may be unprecedented, but there is much to be thankful for.

THE LUNGS ARE STRAINED AND RACKED by an obstinate Cough, which taken in time, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant would speedily cure.

IN A VASE.

Pale starry jasmines and wild eglantine,
Wan, weary roses dashed with silver dew,
Faint heliotropes whose languid sweets combine
With hyacinths ethereal and blue,
Green tender leaves that mingle, fresh and sweet,
Among the drooping petals gathered round,
Forlorn and sad, and dying with the heat
Where no cool breath of summer breeze is found—

To see ye thus it is a bitter thing,
Fair children of the season and the sun,
In all your fragrant splendor withering
To death when life, it seemed, had but begun!
And yet your sweetness I would not forego
For any gentle pity for your pain;
This darkened, dreary room ye brighten so,
I cannot think ye suffer all in vain.

Perchance, like me, ye sigh for pleasure gone—
Red dawns, glad dreams that shall return no more,
Chaste summer moonlights, mystical and wan,
And sighing winds the sombering twilights bore—
Yea, as my heart flies back to Love and Youth,
And Life's bright promises foredoomed to fade,
To hope, and faith, and innocence, and truth,
Ye muse on parent stems and garden glade.

It seems we suffer both in our degrees,
Mortal alike in heritage of woe—
Things of an hour the Infinite's decrees
Have fashioned for an end we may not know.
This knowledge only from our lives we gain—
That not in vain we kiss the chast'ning rod,
Your sorrows serve to soothe a human pain;
Man's lift him nearer to the throne of God!

HARD TIMES,

Or the Diamond Cross.

BY MRS. MOORE.

A long drawing-room, divided by marble columns, and furnished in all its appointments with lavish elegance; cabinets of rare workmanship, loaded down with choice bric-a-brac, a few broad-leaved tropical plants in porcelain jars, very like living vegetation, hangings of satin and lace, with broad mirrors on all sides, reflecting and multiplying everything in increased beauty.

"I will not have any New Year's gift if I cannot have what I want. I have set my heart on that diamond cross, and it is beggarly in papa not to give it to me," were the words which came from the lips of the fair young girl who, walking up and down the room quite alone, was devising means whereby she might obtain possession of the unsuitable, yet coveted article. The beauty of the fair face was marred by pouting lips and sullen eyes; an only child seemingly spoiled by too indulgent parents.

Her mother entered the room.

"Why, Carrie, my love, what is the matter? What has gone wrong now, my darling?"

"Papa says I cannot have the diamond cross which he promised me for a New Year's gift. He says the times are too hard to spend money in jewelry, and that young girls ought not to wear diamonds. But I will have it. Lucy Blazout has one, and she is just my age. Papa is mean."

"Hush, child, hush! How can you speak so of your father? You know the times are very hard for the rich as well as for the poor."

"I do not believe that the times are so very hard for him—not at all! What difference could just one more thing make? and I don't want anything else, not so much as a button. What is two hundred and fifty dollars to papa? If it were a thousand dollar cross, then he might grumble. And I have told all the girls I was going to have it. I declare! it is a downright shame for him to be so miserly. Mamma, can't I have it charged? or can't you get it for me with your money?"

"Indeed, my child, I think your father is quite right in refusing the cross. I should be sorry to see you wear it, if you had it, and besides, if I wished to get it for you to save you from the disappointment of not possessing it after you had told your friends that you were going to have it, I could not do it now that your father has diminished my allowance. He gave me one hundred dollars this morning to pay a few small bills with. Mary, the seamstress, who takes home her work, has written twice for her money, and is coming to get it this evening, then, perhaps, I have another hundred left in my charity fund; but, besides these sums, I really have not more than ten dollars at my disposal. So, you see, it is quite impossible."

"Oh, mamma dear, I will be satisfied with a diamond cross at two hundred dollars. I saw such a beauty for just that, dear mamma; for you know 'Charity begins at home,'" and Carrie threw her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her.

Mrs. Merton looked pained and surprised. She answered resolutely. "No, Carrie. I shall not rob the suffering poor to add to your already overflowing treasury. It grieves me more to see such a disposition on your part, than the loss of ten times the amount of money would have done."

"I know of one way that I can get it," said Carrie, sullenly.

Her mother looked almost sternly at her for a moment. Then touched by some softening memory, she said:

"My child, how much it would gratify me, to see you reasonable in this matter. You may be sure that if your papa is able to buy you the cross, he will yet do so. Times may be easier before the New Year."

The next day, Carrie Merton stopped at the jewellers. The setting of the two hundred dollar cross was really more beautiful than that of the higher priced one; and Carrie was not long in deciding that she preferred it to her first choice.

"It is the last one of that *size*," said the salesman, "and we are not going to make up any more at present; we have so many orders to fill for Christmas. Miss Grabbit came very near taking it yesterday."

"O, I wish mamma could see it. Could'nt you lay it by until to-morrow morning, and she will come down with me."

"Certainly. But I think you had better take it home. It will show to more advantage there; and I will charge it to your father. In case you do not keep it, I have only to mark it returned. That is the best plan, I think."

"Very well," she replied. "That will suit me exactly."

The dainty velvet case was wrapped up in folds of tissue paper; and Carrie took it, feeling almost as exultant as if it were really her own.

When she went out into the street, the pavement was covered with snow, and the soft cakes were falling rapidly. An uptown omnibus was passing, and jumping in, she rode within a square of her father's dwelling. Still the snow fell steadily, and the fast increasing flakes covered every thing with "ermine too dear for an earl." Carrie bounded along through it, heedless of the discomfort which at any other time it would have been sure to have occasioned her; but now, the diamond cross in her pocket, was a charm to chase away all annoyance.

She found her mother in her dressing-room; and going up to her, she said in her old, winsome way.

"Please, mamma, do not scold me. I have something to show you, but I must tell you all about it first. I only went in to look at it again, and it was the last one, and Miss Grabbit was thinking of taking it; and so Mr. Roberts said I might bring it home to show it to you, and keep it all night,—and, I do want you to coax papa to give it to me. I did'nt think, when I said take the money papa gave you for the poor people,—indeed I did'nt. I was so ashamed and so sorry the moment after."

Carrie plunged her hand down into the depths of her pocket—looked up to her mother with a wild, wondering stare, and drew out her hand, empty. She was pale with affright, for the diamond cross was gone.

As soon as she recovered herself sufficiently to tell how she had come home, at what place she had taken the omnibus, and where she had left it, a servant was despatched to look for the cross, although the errand seemed a hopeless one. The fast-falling snow would have covered it, had it fallen in the street. If it dropped in the omnibus—which Carrie described as minutely as she could—it would depend upon the honesty of those within, or of the driver, whether it would ever be heard from again. But, both Mrs. Merton and Carrie inclined to the idea that her pocket had been picked; and they were not therefore disappointed, when James returned without having discovered any traces of it. The advertisements which they inserted in the morning papers met with like success. There came no tidings of the lost cross; and Carrie settled herself to bear her disappointment as well as she could, assuring her mother that if she would only keep the loss a secret from her father, she should never again have cause to complain of her wilfulness.

Mrs. Merton was the more easily overruled, on account of her husband's increasing anxiety in his business relations. She dreaded to trouble him with an additional outlay, so useless for a young girl, and so contrary to his expressed wishes. She preferred shielding him from a knowledge of his daughter's selfishness, trusting that the lesson would prove to her a lasting one. Reluctantly, she appropriated the money that she had on hand towards paying the bill; that it might not be sent in to her husband at the close of the year. She wanted but fifteen dollars, and that amount she obtained from Mr. Merton, without any explanation as to the purpose for which it was designed. Only the now frequent caution: "Remember Anna, the times are hard, and we must get along with just as little outlay as possible. Every dollar tells in times like these. Poor Ashley's house and furniture comes under the hammer to-morrow—I should not like to see my wife and my only child stripped of these luxuries," and he glanced around the room, fairly shuddering as he spoke. "At my time of life, I could never hope to climb my way back again—the very thought chills my blood."

Carrie's heart reproached her. For the first time, the losses of others, and the change that might equally as well come to them, pictured itself before her with vivid and fearful distinctness. Never before had she realized the extent of her thoughtlessness, and her selfishness.

CHAPTER II.

"Mrs. Merton is not at home I tell you."

"Miss Merton then. If I can see Miss Merton it will do just as well. I must see one of them before I go back."

It was a cold, bleak December day. The winter which had set in early, had increased every week in severity; and now, the streams were all ice-bound, the surface of the country presented one almost unbroken sheet of snow; and high upon either side of the city streets, lay the crisp, frozen masses, that had been thrown from the sidewalks and the road.

It was Mary the seamstress, who stood shivering upon Mr. Merton's marble steps, the door not sufficiently opened to give her the opportunity of entering, of which she would have so gladly availed herself, for her feet were cold and numb, and her shoulders were but scantily protected from the inclement wind.

"Miss Merton. Well, I'll take her your message; but I know she won't bother her head with you."

Unconsciously, Mary drew herself up. The proud light in her eyes, effected what her humble demeanor had failed to do.

"Walk in Miss—take a chair here in the hall. It is warm here by the heater. I will just tell Miss Merton that you have some business with her mother."

"If you please. I thank you."

Left alone, Mary glanced around. It was no strange place to her. New statues adorned the niches, a brighter, richer carpet was on the stairs and floor; but it was the same wide hall, the same broad staircase, where when a child, she had frolicked in mirth. It was the home which her father had built; where he had spent the happiest days of his life; and where he had hoped to die; but loss had followed loss—while with a brave heart he had struggled on. At length, his only son, in an evil hour committed an act which obliged him to flee from the strong arm of the law; and then, beggared, a bankrupt and disgraced, the father sank into his grave, a broken-hearted old man. The wife and daughter with great difficulty had for years earned a livelihood with their needle; but gradually the mother's sight had failed; and little by little their indebtednesses had increased. Then the hard times came on, work became scarce; and with the exception of the money which Mrs. Merton was owing her for needlework she had taken home, Mary knew not where to look for a cent.

It was with an anxious heart, she awaited Miss Merton's answer; for if her errand proved unsuccessful, that night made her homeless. Repeatedly had she applied for her money, and the last time, Mrs. Merton had assured her that she would have it ready for her this week. Heretofore her pride had kept her from making known her necessities; but she resolved if put off again, to tell the story of their life, and the destitution to which they were reduced.

She heard Carrie's voice on the stairs.

"Where is she James?—oh, I see. It is all right; you can go back, I will attend to her."

A vision of beauty glided down. The lovely, radiant face, where not a trace of care or sorrow lingered, so dazzled Mary, that she stood speechless before her.

"Did you wish to see mamma? Can you leave your message with me? Oh, wait just one moment, I will be down directly."

She had not waited for an answer. She was gone.

Scarce a moment, and back she came with a soft, fine shawl in her arms.

"I know you are cold, you look so. You must wear my school shawl. It will keep you nice and warm."

And with her own hands, she folded it, and wrapped it around her.

"You are too kind, Miss Merton. I cannot take your shawl, for I did not come to beg. I have been sewing for your mother, and she promised to pay me this week the twenty dollars that she owes me."

Carrie's eyes fell like the guilty creature she felt herself to be. She said falteringly.

"Indeed, I don't know—that is, mamma did have some money laid by for you, but it is all gone. Could'nt you wait another week? you know money is very scarce now. Papa says so every night."

"I know it is Miss Merton. Who should know better than I? But twenty dollars is very little to you: and to us, it is everything; for it is all we have in the world."

"Mercy! you don't mean it! all you have in the world! Oh, I will tell Papa, and he will give it to you immediately, and a great deal more; I know he will."

Mary smiled a feeble, grateful smile.

"If I could take home a few dollars with me, I should be very glad. Mrs. Hardy, of whom we rent our room, has been threatening for the last week to turn us out. She said if I came back without the money, we should not sleep under her roof to-night."

"Oh no, she never could be so cruel as that, this bitter cold weather. But never fear. I will bring you the money. Tell me where you live."

Mary gave her direction, and Carrie wrote it down.

"Now, don't feel anxious," she said, "I will not fail of bringing it; and keep that shawl on, you *must* wear it. Papa will be at home at four o'clock for dinner, and before five, I shall get to your house. Tell that bad woman I am coming myself to pay her. Remember Mary, it's *your* shawl."

Mary went back with a lighter heart.

Mrs. Hardy met her in the entry.

"So you have got back at last. I thought you had given me the slip, and gone for good, leaving the old woman for pay. I would have sold her to the doctors—I would as sure as my name's Jane Hardy."

"Ah, Mrs. Hardy, how can you say such cruel words?—my poor mother. It is dreadful."

"Yes, it is dreadful, dreadful that I can't get a cent out of you. I'll be bound you brought me nothing this time, but laid it all out in that fine shawl upon your back." She took hold of it, and examined it closely.

"I'm a judge of such goods, Miss. You, never paid less than twenty dollars for it. Come, where's my money?"

"Miss Merton is going to bring it this afternoon; and this is her shawl—she would make me wear it home. You know I would not spend a cent upon myself, when my mother needs it so much more."

"I don't know no such thing. A likely story, that Miss Merton made you wear it home! I don't believe a word of it! More likely that you stole it! Here, give it to me—I'll take it in payment for what you owe me. It is just the shawl for my Eliza Jane."

Mary clung to the shawl, wrapping it more closely around her. "Indeed Mrs. Hardy, I am going to carry it back to Miss Merton again. I did not know it was such an expensive shawl—her mother would not let her give it away. I know she would not."

"Why didn't you think of that before? Here, give me the shawl, I tell you. The shawl or the money, do you hear? I have put up with your airs long enough—it is my turn now, and you have got to stand around."

"You shall have the money, Mrs. Hardy, this very day," said Mary, shrinking back from her. "Before five o'clock Miss Merton said she would be here Only wait until then."

Mrs. Hardy looked up to the face of the old clock that stood in the entry. It was fifteen minutes of two.

"Very well," she said, "I'll wait till then; but remember; if when that clock strikes five I am not paid, you go out of this house—you and your mother, and your trumpery baggage. Maybe somebody will take you in that's good enough for you to associate with. My Eliza Jane is'nt fit company for you—oh no," and with a toss of her head, Mrs. Hardy walked off, grumbling. "A whole quarter's rent due, and ten scuttles full of coal. If the shawl is fine, it won't any more than pay me."

A slender figure slipped out from underneath the stair-way, and a pale delicate face looked into Mary's.

"Don't cry, Mary. Mother shan't turn you out of the house. I feel as though I couldn't love her, when I hear her talk so wicked. I'll watch here for Miss Merton for you, and tell you when she comes."

"You are a good child, Emmie, but don't sit in the cold. I shall hear Miss Merton when she knocks," answered Mary, as she went up to her mother, who feeble and anxious, sat impatiently watching for her return.

She was not as sanguine as her daughter in regard to Miss Merton's promised visit; for she knew by experience, how frequently the rich, engrossed by their own pleasures, forget the promises they have made the poor.

The hours lagged slowly. Three—then four, struck in the hall below. Darkness came on. In the gathering gloom, the mother and daughter sat, each minute seeming like an hour. They listened to the wild wind whirling without, and whistling down the chimney. Then shuddering, they drew still closer together; Mary tenderly chafing her mother's cold hands, or pressing them fondly against her own burning cheeks.

"It must be five o'clock, mother. See how dark it is. It seems to me two hours since it struck four."

"That is because we are waiting so patiently, Mary; but it is very dark for five o'clock. The clock cannot have struck, for we always hear it when it strikes."

At this moment the bell of a neighboring factory rang for six o'clock; and close following upon it, was heard Mrs. Hardy's tongue.

Mary opened the door leading out on the stairs, and looked down.

Mrs. Hardy stood in the entry, one hand holding high the lamp, the other shielding it from the draught of air, while her face was turned up to the clock.

"Well, that beats natur! The factory bell ringing for six, and a quarter to five, by that old thing. The supper table ain't set, nor the tea kittle biling, nuther. I thought it warn't never going to strike," and going towards it, she opened the door of the case. The pendulum hung motionless within. "This is a new kink;" she said, giving it a push with her hand, which sent it rebounding from one side of the box to the other. "If I hadn't been so taken up with contriving about that shawl for Eliza Jane, I should have known it was getting on to supper time. That shawl! oh yes, now I see it. Five o'clock, Miss Merton was to be here; oh you hussy! you'll stop my clock again, will you?" and she shook her fist threateningly.

Mary called down, "I was watching for her, Mrs. Hardy. Indeed I have not been near the clock. It has been a very, very long time to me."

Mrs. Hardy turned up a face dark with passion.

"Oh, you good for nothing minx! you think to cheat me again, do you? I know your plan—you thought it would give you another night, but you have made a mistake. Pack up and be off, I tell you. I give you half an hour—what is in the house after that time, I shall pitch out of the window after you, or keep it for rent, for that shawl won't begin to pay me for the coal and all you've had of me."

Again that little slender form came creeping out.

"Please, mother, don't be so cruel. It was me that stopped the clock."

"Cruel!—sauce box! What do you mean? It was *you* that stopped the clock. I'll stop *you* then," and raising her hand, she dealt such a blow on the ear, that the poor child was sent staggering back to her hiding place in the corner. There, nestling down by Bruno's warm, shaggy body, she remained a silent witness of the scene that followed.

She heard Mary beg for another day, for her mother's sake; and her blood chilled within her, as she listened to the hard-hearted, taunting answer. Then came their busy footsteps overhead, as they huddled together their few things.

How Emmie longed to creep from her corner; but her mother's voice, every now and then rising to a high key, kept her spell-bound in fear. Her little heart was almost bursting; and the tears that wet old Bruno's coat that night, were the bitterest that her sad young life had known.

At seven o'clock the house was quiet. Mrs. Hardy's passion had spent its fury. She had closed her door upon the feeble mother, and her weeping child, as they went out, carrying between them their sole earthly possessions. Her victims were beyond her reach, and she was satisfied.

The kettle was steaming and hissing on the coals, and the supper table was set when Eliza Jane came in from the factory, where she worked from seven in the morning until seven in the evening. She found her mother trying on the fine plaid shawl, which she had seized upon for payment.

"Ain't this a beauty; Lizar Jane? I've got the best of the bargain after all—see here, I took this for you, for the back rent; and I've turned out those fine ladies. Their pride 'll have to come down, I'm a thinking, for they've got no place to go to, excepting the Almshouse."

"Why, mother; not this bitter, cold night?"

"There, that's all the thanks I get. Hain't you got any more spirit? I guess you've forgotten how she never would keep company with you. I haven't—and I've made her smart for it to-night—if I didn't, the freezing cold will."

Just then, there came a brisk knock at the front door.

"Here, Lizar Jane, you put up that shawl this minute. I'll go to the door.

With the lamp in her hand, she unbolted and opened it.

"Is there a seamstress boarding here? her first name is Mary."

"Yes, she was boarding here; but, she didn't pay her board, and I packed her off to-night. What did you want of her?"

"I have brought her some money from Miss Merton, who was very anxious that she should have it to-night. Can you tell me where I can find her?"

"I don't know nothing about her. I would have kept her here, if I had known the Mertons were going to send her any money; but I didn't believe it. It was the same old story, week after week; and she was too proud to go every day for it, as I would have done. You see, times is hard, and I've too many mouths to feed, to let people have my rooms, and find 'em in coal for nothing. Likely, you'll find them at the Almshouse, they hadn't any other place to go to."

"Wretch!" muttered James, as he turned from the house. "I would like to have the hanging of that woman."

Mrs. Hardy looked down the narrow court after him. She had caught the first word, and her blood was up. But just then, her husband came reeling along, and the gathering storm fell thick and fast upon his head.

Emmie who had sobbed herself to sleep, awoke at the loud altercation; and shivering with fear, the timid creature hurried supperless to bed.

Mrs. Hardy's ill-humor continued during the evening. Good tenants were not easily obtained. She began to think she had been too hasty. If the Mertons had been sufficiently interested to have sent a man around with the money, they would probably have done more for them. Self-interest, the only conscience she had, began to reproach her. All night, she dreamed of frozen corpses and of witches on broomsticks riding through the air, uttering frightful imprecations upon her, and when, before daylight the milkman rapped, she was almost afraid to unbar the door, lest the frozen bodies of Mary and her mother, should fall against her.

No such summary punishment awaited her. Neither Mary nor her mother disturbed her with their presence, in the body or out of the body; and as day after day passed, she seemingly ceased to think of them, as entirely as she had ceased to speak of them.

Not so with little Emmie. She watched and waited, and prayed, but all in vain; her eyes were not gladdened by one glimpse of the only one who had ever tried to make life pleasant to her. Sometimes, in dreams she saw Mary; but it was always as a white-robed angel, with a golden crown upon her head, who came to take her away to Heaven with her; but poor Emmie never got one glimpse of that bright region, even in her dreams; for she always awoke in her joy at again seeing the face she held so dear; and then, in her great disappointment she would sob herself to sleep again.

Ah, Emmie, take heart. Angels walk the earth now, as frequently as in the days when the beautiful Scriptures were inspired, from which you conned your only lore. Some day, this oft recurring dream may prove reality.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIVING NINETY FEET.—The latest performance in London, and one which draws a salary of $500 per week, is the startling feat of Zegel, a young girl, who dives through the air and lands in a net 90 feet below. She drops head first, but gently and gracefully swerves in her flight until at last she strikes on her back in the net and arises unharmed.

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

"In primus hominis est proprin
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

S.

[CONTINUED.]

SCHOONER.

Being at Gloucester, September 8, 1790, (remarks Cotton Tufts), I was informed (and committed the same to writing) that the kind of vessels called *schooners* derived their name from this circumstance, viz:—Mr. Andrew Robinson, of that place, had constructed a vessel, which he masted and rigged in the same manner as schooners are at this day. On her going off the docks and passing into the water, a bystander cried out—"*Oh, how she scoons!*"

Robinson instantly replied—"*A schooner let her be.*"

From which time vessels thus masted and rigged have gone by the name of schooners, before which vessels of this description were not known in Europe or America.

This account was confirmed to me by a great number of persons in Gloucester. I made particular inquiry of an aged captain, who informed me that he had not, in any of his voyages to Europe or in America, seen any of these vessels prior to Robinson's construction.

SCYTHE CHARIOTS.

were used by the Persians in Alexander's time. Darius had two hundred at the battle of Arbela. I suppose the chariots of iron mentioned in the Book of Judges were of the same kind. Egyptians uniformly on war chariots—in their temples—pursue horsemen.—*Capt. Mangles.*

SELLING A BARGAIN.

This was a proverbial saying before Shakspeare's time; the bard uses it in "Love's Labor Lost," Act III, "*The boy has sold him a bargain.*"

SEALS AND SIGNETS.

The use of these articles is referable, in the East, to a remote antiquity. The Mussulmans trace it up to Adam himself; it is plain, from the Bible, that they were employed in Egypt in the time of Joseph.

It is at present universal throughout the East, and is a substitute for the signature. It was so amongst the ancients; the Latin word *signare*, is from *signum*, a sign or figure, which Greek and Roman seals mostly bore.

SEEDY.

Means shabby, worn out, but has no reference to running to seed. It is derived from the French *ci-devant*—formerly, and has reference to a person who has seen better days.

SELAH—REASON WHY THAT WORD IS PUT AT THE END OF SEVERAL VERSES IN THE PSALMS.

Selah is a musical note, and, according to ancient translators of holy writ, implies an elevation of the voice, as though it were irregularly derived from *Salal*, to elevate, or it signifies a common pause.

SENT TO COVENTRY.

This phrase has been traced to the time of Charles I., though with great doubt as to its origin. The following facts, mentioned by Baxter, may, perhaps, explain it. Coventry was a stronghold of the Puritans, and, at the commencement of the troubles, many of this despised sect in the neighboring country, that would fain have lived quietly at home, were forced (by the Royalists) to begone, *and to Coventry they came*. Hence, the phrase *to send to Coventry*, may have been handed down from the cavaliers to military men, among whom it is familiarly used, and obtained its present application, viz: To exclude from the society of the mess, to shut out from all local intercourse, for conduct regarded as mean and ungentlemanly.

SHALLOON,

which is a slight woolen stuff, received its name from *Chalons sur Marne*, in the department of Marne, in France, where it continues to be manufactured.

SHAMMING ABRAM.

"I have heard people say, sham Abraham you may,
But you must sham Abraham Newland."

When Bethlehem Hospital was first built at Moorfields, there was a ward of it named "Abram's," and hence, the poor idiots confined there were called "Abram's Men." They wore the dress of the hospital, and on the 1st of April such as were incapacitated had a holiday and visited their friends, or begged about the streets.

This induced vagrants to imitate the Bethlehem dress, and pretend idiocy, till the governors of the hospital ordered that if any man should "sham Abram," he should be whipped and set in the stocks; whence came the saying, he is "shamming Abram."

SHAMROCK.

"Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief—
Old Erin's native shamrock."

The shamrock is the trefoil. The Druids used it to cure diseases. The Irish used it as a national recognizance. It is said that when St. Patrick landed near Wicklow to convert the Irish in 431, the pagan inhabitants were ready to stone him; he requested to be heard, and endeavored to explain God to them as the trinity in unity, but they could not understand him till, plucking a *trefoil* from the ground, he said, "Is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as for these leaves to grow upon a single stalk;" then the Irish were immediately converted.

The mistletoe was sacred to the Druids, because, not only its berries, but its leaves also, grow in clusters of three, united to one stock.

SHANKS MARE.

"And here and there were pleasant arbors dight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowing banks,
To sit and rest the walker's wearie shanks."
Spenser—Fairie Queen.

Shank, from the German schink—meaning the leg, or, according to Somer, *sarm scantes*, the arm bone. All the old poets invariably apply it to legs, as above quoted. Goldsmith in his "Epilogue in the character of Harlequin," uses it thus:

"The deuce confound," he cries, "those drum-stick shanks,
They neither have my gratitude or thanks."

In Scotland, the almost universal use of the word for legs, gave rise to the word shanks nag, or shanks mare.

When the question was asked, "How am I to get there," naming some place, the reply was, if to a lady, "use shanks mare;" if a gentleman, "use shanks nag." Shanks mare, therefore, literally means the exercise of walking. There is another modern phrase, meaning the same thing, but more delicately expressed—"Walkers' omnibus."

SHAVING IN ENGLAND—ORIGIN OF.

The smooth chins, short hair, and shaved lip of the English were adopted to distinguish those obedient to the Norman rule, in contradistinction to those Saxons who manifested, by persevering in the use of the long hair and beard of their ancestors, their aversion to the Norman conquerors, and a fixed determination to free themselves whenever possible.

SHE LOOKS AS IF BUTTER WOULD NOT MELT IN HER MOUTH,

Is evidently taken from the passage in "*Les Evangiles des Quenouilles:*"

"*A cette parolle mist dame. Elle hault ses mains a ses costes et en grant courroux luy respondy que, etc. Et que, Dieu merci, aincoires fondoit le burre en sa bouche, combien qu'elle ne peust croquier noisettes, car elle n'avoit que un seul dent.*"

SHERRY COBBLERS—ANTIQUITY OF.

It would appear from the following extract from the fourth Book of the Anabasis of Xenophon, that the sherry cobbler is not a new invention: "And there were wheat, and barley, and beans, and beer (*olnos krithinos*) in the surface (isochelels) quantities of barley itself, and reeds were lying therein, some greater, others smaller, free from joints (*genata*). And when one was athirst, it was necessary to take these into the mouth and suck. And it was a liquor altogether unmixed, unless one would pour water thereon; and the draught was exceedingly agreeable to any one accustomed to it."

SHILLY-SHALLY.

This means a person who wavers, who has no mind of his own; and comes from the old Dutch phrase *schilt je—schalt je*—i. e., forever a destruction, forever a balance; or, more correctly, ever a difference, always a difference.

SHOE.

"And commanded them that they should take no thyng unto their jorney, save a rodde onely, neyther scrippe, neyther bread, neyther money in their pourses, but shoulde be shood with sandals."—*Wickliffe's edition of the Bible, 1551. See Mark, chap. vi.*

Shoes are of very ancient date, although the present fashion was not known in England until about the year 1633. The dresses for the feet and legs among the Greeks and Romans were nearly the same; they had both shoes and sandals. The former covered the whole foot; the last consisted of one or more soles, and were fastened with thongs above the foot. Pliny relates an anecdote of a shoemaker, and speaks of him making a shoe.

The word shoe has several derivations, all, however, having the same application; as *ge-segan*, to place under. The shoe, therefore, is something placed under the foot to save it from injury.

SHOEMAKER STICK TO YOUR LAST.

It is related of Apelles that he exposed publicly to the Greeks one of his finest paintings. A certain shoemaker found fault with the sandal, which the artist instantly corrected. The fool puffed up with conceit, then attempting to make a ridiculous display of his critical knowledge on other portions of the work, his ignorance was so apparent, that Apelles turning aside with contempt said:—

"*Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam.*"

"Let not the shoemaker go beyond his last"

The saying became a proverb at that period, and generations have used it, as the most expressive rebuke to *would-be critics*.

SHOWING THE WHITE FEATHER.

This term is believed to be derived from the slang of cock-fighters. The full-blooded game-cock has no white feather in his tail. The white feather is the sign of an inferior cross-breed, hence of a species dificient in courage, and likely "to show the white feather" when matched with the game-cock.

SHROVE TIDE.

Shrove-tide signifieth the time of confessing sins, as the word *tide* which signifies *time*, and the *Saxon* word *shrive* or *shrift*, which signifies *confession*, plainly show. Thus, in the Constitutions of Simon Sudbury it is ordered, "That lay-men should be admonished to confess in the very beginning of Lent."

A kind of pancake feast, preceding Lent, was used in the Greek church, from whence we have probably borrowed it, with Pasch eggs, and other such-like ceremonies.

Simon of Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, was made at Lambeth, A. D., 1373, in the second year of Richard the Second, in the first year of Urban, the fifth pope, and Clement, the seventh anti-pope. This most eloquent man, who was wise incomparably beyond the rest of the kingdom, sat about six years, and at last was beheaded at London, by command of the rebels, Tyler and Straw, A. D., 1381. In the church at Sudbury, in Suffolk, is to be seen a skull, which is shown to strangers for the skull of this bishop, and probably it is the true one.

SIGNS—ORIGIN OF.

The custom of hanging signs over the door, or before any other part of the house, is of ancient date; for the Romans used them, as appears from Quintillian, who says, "*Tabernæ erant circa forum, et scutum illud signi gratia positum.*" "There were shops round the market place, and this shield hung there as a sign." A bush of ivy, or a bunch of grapes, was often used for the same purpose; and hence the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush."

Johnson imagined armorial bearings to be as old as the siege of Thebes; and in support of this idea, instanced a passage in the "Phœnician Virgins" of Euripides.

That the use of signs is of considerable antiquity, we have the testimony of St. Luke, who tells us that St. Paul, after his shipwreck at Malta, "departed in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered there, whose sign was Castor and Pollux."

It was deemed advisable among our grandfathers, to prefix the affirmative, "this is" before naming the sign, as may be seen in the old names of streets still existing.

It is justly observed in the "Adventurer," that "it cannot be doubted but that signs were intended originally to express the several occupations of their owners, and to bear some affinity in their external designations to the wares to be disposed of. Hence the hand and shears is justly appropriated to tailors, as the hand and pen is to writing-masters. The woolpack plainly points out to us the woolen draper; the naked boy, elegantly reminds us of the necessity of clothing; and the golden fleece, figuratively denotes the riches of our staple commodity."

The majority of signs are common charges in heraldry; such as the boar's head, the golden lion. There is an heraldic number; and we find it in frequent use, as the three compasses, the three pigeons; and I have by me a book published "at the Three Daggers in Fleet street, near Inner Temple Gate, 1654."

And this offers an apology for the varied and unnatural adaptation to some animals, of colors to which they cannot otherwise lay claim, such as—blue boars, golden lions, green dragons, and that "*rara avis in terris*" the black swan.

SIGNIFICANT NAMES.

We often derive knowledge from the names of persons and things. What a record of inventions is preserved in the names which so many articles bear of the place from which they came, or the person by whom they were first invented, as for instance: The magnet, derives its name from Magnesia, or rather from a stone so-called from the country Magnesia. The origin of the invention, as touching the property of the magnetic needle pointing towards the poles, is attributed by Blondees to the citizens of Amalfi.

The "bayonet" tells us that it was first made at Bayonne; "worsted" that it was first spun at a village of the same name in the neighborhood of Norwich; "cambrics" that they reached us from Cambray; "damask" from Damascus; the "damson" also is the "damascene," or Damascus plum; "dimity" from Damietta; "cordwain," or "cordovan" from Cordova; "currants" from Corinth; "indigo" (indicum) from India; "agates" from a Sicilian river, Achates; "jalap" from Xalapa, a town in Mexico; "parchment" from Bergamum; the "guinea," that it was originally coined (in the year 1663) of gold brought from the African coast, so called; "camlet" that it was woven, at least in part, of camel's hair.

SILVER GRAYS.

This epithet was applied to those Whigs who, in 1850, decided to support the Fugitive Slave Act. It had been borne by the Federalists. They styled themselves "National Whigs," and have generally amalgamated with the American and Democratic parties.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE MAN IN GREEN.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

"Andrew," said Mr. Ritchie, the Northdale miller, to his son, "you have again made a mistake about Mr. Dornay's spices. He ordered the best and purest, and the inferior quality has again been sent to him. He thinks this time it has been done intentionally."

"Who said I did it?" asked Andrew, turning around to look his father in the face.

"Why Dornay's boy has brought the boxes back, and he says it was you that gave them to him."

"It is false. I have no knowledge of it at all. Some of the other boys must have put them up."

"Yet he declares that it was you." And as Mr. Ritchie spoke he turned sorrowfully away, for he saw that Andrew was becoming angry, and he always avoided conversations with his son, if possible, at such times; but the boy following him closely and shaking his clenched hand in his face, cried out in a loud voice:

"It is not so! Can't you believe me? Am I a liar?" Then rushing down from the mill loft, he crossed over to the dwelling-house, where his mother sat knitting in the kitchen. Andrew was a well-grown handsome lad of seventeen years. Tall and vigorous, and of industrious habits, he was of immense value in the mills on account of his prudence and sagacity in the management of the business affairs, and young as he was he possessed his father's entire confidence.

The lad was also kind-hearted and affectionate, yet he had one infirmity of character that threw a dark shadow over all his better qualities. This was a temper so violent that his actions were those of a maniac while suffering under its influence. In vain had his parents from his earliest youth resorted to every remedy to cure this great defect. It only seemed to strengthen as his age progressed, until the bitter truth forced itself upon his friends that the blemish was constitutional, and could never be eradicated.

Mrs. Ritchie looked up as Andrew's feet crossed the threshold. She saw immediately that something was amiss, and she laid aside her work, saying in a gentle voice:

"I am glad you have come over, Andrew. If you have time now we will go out into the garden and attend to the bee hives. I have been waiting for your help ever so long."

The boy threw himself into a chair and for a moment covered his face in his hands, then, looking up, while his eyes flashed and his lips quivered, he cried out:

"I shall never go into the garden again, mother! This is my last day at the mills!" And he stamped on the floor, and struck his hands violently together.

"Oh, my boy!" sighed Mrs. Ritchie to herself as she arose and stood beside him. "What has gone wrong to-day, Andrew?"

"Just what is always going wrong. Let me try as I will, I can never give my father satisfaction. I say, let him put one of the other men in my place and see how much better he will be. My work is finished here."

Hastily rising from his chair he rushed up to his chamber, from whence he soon returned clad in a clean suit, with a small valise in his hand. Mrs. Ritchie looked on in dismay as she asked:

"Where are you going, my son? You distress me very much. Does your father know you are going away?"

The lad made no reply, but, throwing his arms around his mother, he laid his head for a moment on her bosom, then, kissing her cheek before she had time to say a word he darted up the road, and in a moment his form was lost in the distance. Mrs. Ritchie's heart was fluttering with fear as her husband came in with a look of pain upon his brow, saying:

"Andrew has got one of his fits again. How will he ever be brought to a knowledge of his terrible infirmity?"

* * * * * * *

At the door of a small rural inn, directly on the road Andrew had taken, on a bench under the friendly shadow of a wide-spreading tree, several guests were sitting, and their merry voices, ringing out on the air, denoted that the glass had not been passing around in vain. The entertainer, who was well-acquainted with Andrew, seeing him approach called for another glass, and, filling it to the brim, invited him to be seated among them. Tired and thirsty after his long walk, he complied with the request, and, lifting the glass to his lips, drank off its sparkling contents.

"How is it," cried young Harry Ritter, "that we find you so far from home this fine morning, Andrew—you who are called the best boy in the whole country round? How can the mills get on without you?"

"The mills will have to get on without me. I have left them for good, and shall never go back again!"

"You don't say so! What in the world is the matter?"

"Well, that is my business. It is enough to tell you that I have left there."

"I don't want to trespass on your secrets Andrew," said John Trueman, who was a man somewhat older than the rest of the company, remarked, "but I think it is only friendly to ask you if you hadn't better take into consideration what you are doing, before you leave such a good home as yours is behind you?"

"I have done that already," answered the lad. And he drained another glass, that was quickly refilled again.

The violent paroxysm of anger that had driven Andrew away from home, had now nearly exhausted itself, and John Trueman's well-meant advice made the lad feel that he had acted unwisely—but to go back would be too humiliating. Being away, and having a good supply of money, he thought he would go on to Haroldsville Mills, and if he liked the place he would stay there.

Andrew sat a long time at the inn door. The hour of noon had come, and as by this time the company had all left, he ordered some dinner, of which he partook, and then started off on his travels again. Not being accustomed to the use of intoxicating drinks, his brain was none the clearer for what he had taken. The sun was warm and oppressive, his feet became entangled in the long grass through which he was walking, and he hailed with gladness the appearance of a wood at a short distance off. "When I reach that spot," thought the lad, "I will at least find shelter from the intense heat," but after walking to the desired haven he saw before him, stretching as far as the eyes could reach a forest so dense that he despaired of ever being able to penetrate its deep shadows.

Overcome with fatigue and unsteady feet, and a brain teeming with wild thoughts he sat down to rest. The impossibility of passing through the dark wood without a guide became apparent to him, and he fell into a train of deep musing, in which his home and all its attractions played no insignificant part.

Andrew was awakened from his reverie by a loud chuckling laugh, and, looking around in surprise, he saw, standing just before him so singular an object that at first he thought it was a delusion caused by the condition of his excited brain, but no—there it stood, the strangest looking little man, with a dress so nearly resembling in color the foliage by which they were surrounded, that he might easily have been taken for a part of it. He wore on his head a tall green hat, jauntily set on one side, and both hands were thrust far down into his breeches pockets. He bowed politely as Andrew's eye rested upon him.

"How are you, Master Ritchie?" he cried out in a jovial voice. "Come away for good, have you, from that old-fashioned place called home? Well, I like to see a boy of spirit. Now that you have broken away from the tollsome thrall of the old tyrant miller of Northdale, you will be able to begin the world in earnest."

Andrew looked at him a moment in silence before he answered:

"My good sir, how you know my name I cannot tell, as I am sure you and I have never met before, but if you think to gain my friendship by abusing the miller of Northdale, you are making a grand mistake."

"Oh! ho!" cried the queer man, as he seated himself on the stump of an old tree, "I'm sure I beg your pardon! I thought I heard you say at the inn to your gay companions, that you had left the old lunks for good, and never intended to go back to the mills again."

"So I did," answered Andrew, "but as that is my business alone, I want no words with any one about it, and if you can't speak of my father in a more respectful manner, I will try what I can do to make you!"

"Your father, is he, who would have thought it! well, well!"

The little man held his sides while he gave utterance to loud peals of laughter, and the forest trees, to Andrew's intense astonishment, danced to the sounds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEMININITIES.

—Twenty-four women are notaries public in Illinois.

—When a young lady gives herself away, she naturally loses her self possession.

—A young lady recently carried off the highest prize in literary studies at the University of Naples.

—"The Bohemian Girl" is thirty years old. Isn't it about time to say "The Bohemian Woman?"

—Those young ladies at fairs who sell five cent pincushions for $3 ought to be arrested for robbing the males.

—"Men should be careful lest they cause women to weep, for God counts their tears," says the Talmud.

—A French author says: "When I lost my wife, every family in the town offered me another; but when I lost my horse no one offered to make him good."

—Large lace collars, like those worn in olden times, are again coming into fashion, as though young ladies had suddenly become their own great-grandmothers.

—A young lady was asked upon her return from church, last Sunday, what the text was, to which she unhesitatingly replied, "Blessed are the dressmakers."

—A young colored lady of this city wears shoes seventeen inches long, and there is so much of her on the ground that she never gets the dampness out of her system.

—Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages; to which he replied: "No, sir; one tongue is enough for any woman."

—"Don't show my letters," wrote a young man to a young lady whom he adored. "Don't be afraid," was the reply; "I'm just as much ashamed of them as you are."

—An ignorant colored girl at Norwich, Connecticut, was caught trying to cut off her hand with a large knife, because she had literally read the Scripture, "If thy hand or foot offend thee, cut it off."

—Young wife—"My dear, don't be eternally finding fault with the fashion. If you don't like the style of my hair don't dress yours in that way, that's all. If I were to follow your example I should have to wear my hair bald-headed." Husband collapses.

—Fashionable Englishwomen are just now agitated with a terrible social question—whether or not it is right to wear furs. It is not because furs are too dear, or not as warm and lasting as ever, but because they are common. Every woman has a set.

—A clergyman says: "I once married a handsome young couple, and as I took the bride by the hand at the end of the ceremony, and gave her my warmest congratulations, she tossed her pretty face, and pointing to the bridegroom, replied, 'I think he's the one to be congratulated.'"

PAPER BARRELS.—Besides car wheels, and many minor articles, barrels are now being made of paper. They are manufactured of straw pulp, run into a mould made in the shape of one-half a barrel, cut vertically. The pulp is reduced to the thickness of three-eighths of an inch, being subject to a powerful hydraulic pressure, and is then put into a steam drier, the sides trimmed evenly, and thoroughly dried. The ends are also made of paper, but are protected by wood. The advantages of these barrels over wooden ones are lightness, cheapness and the prevention of flour sifting out while in transit. They do not cost more than one-third the price of wood barrels.

The leading Communistic societies in this country are the Anna Community, Iowa, numbering 1500; the Hannonists, of Pennsylvania, 100; the Separatists, of Zoar, Ohio; the Shakers, 2400; the Perfectionists, of New York, 301; the Icarians, of New York, 100, and the Respirationists, of New York, 100. Dr. Keil's communities in Missouri and Oregon have about 400 members.

A Law Suit for the Recovery of Family Portraits.

Four family portraits attributed to Van Dyck are the innocent occasion of the law suit now pending between one of Philadelphia's best known citizens and Charles O. Groome, executor of the estate of the late Dr. Moseley. The demand of a majority of the heirs for these portraits made soon after Doctor Moseley's death in 1874, was refused by Mr. Groome upon the plea that one of the heirs objected to the surrender. At the repeated request of the unmarried sister, united in by all the married sisters, Mr. Moore, employing Wm. H. Rawle as counsel, instituted proceedings upon the claim of Mrs. Moore, who owns one share in the portraits. A paper signed by all the sisters and their husbands requesting Mr. Groome to transfer the custody of the portraits to Mr. Moore was not regarded by the executor, although brought to his notice. The grooms are in no way connected with the Moseley family by ties of blood and therefore the great interest of Mr. Groome in the portraits is unaccountable. That he should seek to annoy the heirs, subjecting them to needless law expenses, is one of those things that no fellow can understand unless he is behind the scenes. Can it be because looking upon them as veritable Van Dycks he cannot bring himself to part with such treasures? If so, he only need turn to the list of the portraits painted by Van Dyck, all registered in chronological order, to ascertain that Van Dyck was not the painter. All family portraits of the Moseley that were painted by Van Dyck still hang on the old walls of the Moseley "Baronial Hall," in Staffordshire, England. These portraits of Sir John Moseley and his wife (a daughter of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury first, afterwards Bishop of London), and their two sons, William and Arthur, are well painted portraits of the seventeenth century, and have been "handed down" as Van Dycks; but as they are neither signed nor registered it would be difficult to prove that they are his work, and perhaps almost as difficult to prove that they are not.

Dr. Samuel Moseley and Mrs. Moore (whose mother was born Moseley) were about having the portrait of Sir John Moseley photographed for the use of Edward S. Moseley, of New Jersey, in his history of his branch of the Moseley family, now in course of preparation, when Dr. Moseley's death transferred the guardianship of the portraits to Mr. Groome, who refused to carry out the known wishes of Dr. Moseley in this matter, as well as the instructions given in his will and the demand of a large majority of the heirs.

The other executor, Mr. Barker, indignantly protested against his course, asking the Court to relieve him from all responsibility in this unjust proceeding on the part of Mr. Groome.

There is little doubt but that the noted equity lawyer will succeed in recovering the portraits, which are to be copied by the Philadelphia artist Wismer for Mrs. Moore before their transfer to the Virginia heirs for final division.

The family feel that the brother who opposes the division has been unduly influenced, and that he would unite with them in their claim had he not been led to believe that Mr. Moore is acting for the heirs solely in the interest of his wife. Mr. Moore of course needs no vindication, as he is well known as a man of probity and honor.

Antique Errors.

In this enlightened age and land, find acceptance only with the prejudiced and ignorant. It is impossible, for instance, to persuade any large proportion of a people who have imbibed their ideas of logic in common schools and free academies, that it is expedient to cram their systems with mercury, cap their bowels with calycloth and jalap, or stupefy their brains with opiates, when a pure, effective, safe, botanic cordial like Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which relieves every disorder for which the poisonous drugs have been heretofore prescribed, is within the reach of every one. Old fashionable remedies are rapidly giving ground before the advance of this conquering specific, and old fashioned ideas in regard to depletion as a means of cure, have been quite exploded by the success of the great renovant, which tones the system, tranquilizes the nerves, induces sound repose, neutralizes malaria, depurates and enriches the blood, rouses the liver when dormant, and promotes a regular habit of body.

OUR readers who may want to learn about the Far West are referred to the advertisement of the Kansas Farmer, an old established and popular journal in the West. It is published at the Capital of the State.

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Cut Out this Consumers' Order and forward with your letter.

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Inclosed you will find the price set opposite each article desired, and it is understood that you are to prepay all charges on the same.

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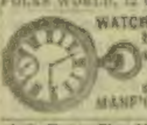

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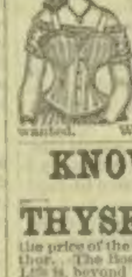

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O my child-love, my love of long ago,
How great was life when you and I were young!
The world was boundless, for we did not know,
And life a poem, for we had not sung.

Now is the world grown small, and we thereon
Fill with wise toil and woe each flying day;
Elves from the wood, dreams from my heart are gone,
And heaven is bare, for God is far away.

O my child-love, cannot you come again,
And I look on you with grave, innocent eyes?
Your God has many angels; I would fain
Woo for one hour one angel from the skies.

O my child-love, come back, come back to me,
And laughing, lead me from the care and din;
Lay on my heart those small hands tenderly
And lovingly to let the whole world in.

THE VIGIL OF DEATH.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

I.

I was utterly unnerved to hear of the sudden decease of Rebecca, the sweet wife of my dear friend, Emmanuel Rach. The circumstances under which I received the sad tidings were unwonted, and to me startling.

It was a dull, sultry morning in June. I had just reached my office, and was leaning back in my arm-chair preparatory to going to work, meditating over a case of some difficulty, which I had to prepare that morning. Early though it was, the heat was oppressive, compelling me to throw open the glass door of my room, which communicated with the passage to the street, and I found myself staring out into the twilight of the vestibule, in a matter of fact revery, altogether lawyer-like.

Suddenly a lady passed the door. I could have sworn it was Rebecca Rach herself. She merely glanced into the room as she went by, but with more of *hauteur* than of recognition, and continued her way down the corridor. I leaped to my feet directly; for I felt confident at the moment that she intended to enter, but had possibly mistaken the number of my room. When I looked into the passage a second afterwards, *no one was there!*

I gazed for a moment up and down the long vestibule, and then re-entered the office, thinking what an absurd mistake I might have made. I endeavored to force myself to believe that this visitor was only some fair client of some one of my *confreres* in the corridor, she doubtless having ventured up stairs on a search for his office. But the face, the figure, so like Emmanuel's wife. The same elegance of attire—rich black silk without any excess of ornament to mar its simple beauty—the same long-handled parasol trailing like a sword at her side, the same lithe, undulatory grace of movement—the same face, yes; no doubt about that at all.

I only caught the profile.

Pale, very pale that face, but there was the tender curve of nose, the full lips gently parted, and the slightly raised eyebrow, giving to the languid, glowing, melancholy eye, that shone from under the dropping petal of a lid, its wonted half-anxious, half dreamy expression, and then the head grandly poised on the superb neck, the single, simple braid of her hair of pale gold, the delicately moulded ear, all these identified her as Rebecca and only as Rebecca.

It was an instantaneous photograph—as though she had been suddenly revealed and transfixed by a lightning flash in the moment of her transit.

I tried hard to convince myself that this was not Emmanuel's wife, but I did not succeed. Hardly a moment after this apparition, I heard a faint foot-fall in the vestibule, and I began to hope that she was returning. As I moved again to the door, this time I actually encountered a lady, but it was not Rebecca. When the new comer had thrown back her long, black veil, I recognized Cousin Esther, as we were in the habit of calling her, a useful dependent of the Rach family. I took her by the hand, and said to her laughingly:

"Well, Cousin Esther, where's Mrs. Rach?"

She looked into my face with an expression of horror. Her eyes seemed blistered. I did not understand it.

"Wasn't Mrs. Rach here just now?" I persisted.

She sank into the nearest chair, and held down her head. When she spoke her voice was almost inaudible. She said:

"For God's sake, Mr. Mason, do not jest? I came to tell you of it. She is dead! Rebecca! Mrs. Rach! Manuel's wife!"

"I echoed her almost mechanically:

"Dead! Rebecca! Mrs. Rach! Manuel's wife?"

"Yes," she returned quietly, fixing her red eyes on the floor; "she was taken suddenly ill last evening; in an hour she was dead! Dr. Sennaman who came in said it was all over. 'Heart disease,' he said! And Manuel's away, too—"

Away!" I broke in almost ferociously, I know not why. I listened bewildered.

"Yes—went a week ago to New Orleans! We telegraphed him last night—'Rebecca is dying, come!' Two hours later we had the answer, 'Coming.' That was all!"

"In New Orleans!" I repeated half audibly.

"Aunt and uncle are so completely prostrated, that they were not able to do anything. Everybody's away at the house. And so they sent me to ask a favor of you—seeing you are such a friend of Manuel's—they told me to ask you if you would mind sitting up to-night!"

"Sitting up with the dead?" I asked nonchalently, in spite of myself.

"Yes," she said, "I will keep you company. You are not superstitious—there is nothing to be afraid of. I am sure it will be a great favor! You won't mind it."

No one is a coward in broad daylight, so I answered:

"Mind it! Not a bit of it—I am at the service of you all! Willingly, willingly! It will be a melancholy experience to me! But when shall I come?"

"Come at five to dinner. Take the three o'clock train—you will reach Redwood at four. We can never thank you enough, never! But I must go—I am disturbing you and besides I have a host of people to see, before I return!"

"She arose abruptly. Should I tell her about the strange apparition I saw? No, I would not so expose my own ridiculous superstitions! Yet this was merely an idle fancy? Who can tell? I had been thinking no more of Rebecca Rach than of Cleopatra. On the contrary I had been worrying over a matter of figures in an auditor's account, and here comes before me the figure of the wife of my friend. Surely it was an inexplicable mystery.

You must initiate me, Miss Esther," said I, "you must tell me my duties! I will be on hand early and you must make me your slave! Poor Manuel!" I added.

"Poor Manuel, indeed," uttered Elizabeth. "I wish he was home again—but it will not seem much like home to him now! Well, well, let me thank you again, and I will not incommode you any more to-day."

So reaching out her black-gloved hand to mine, she pressed it warmly, bade me good morning and departed. It was then but ten o'clock. I finished my morning's work with a nervous flourish, and at two o'clock started for the depot. I reached Redwood at the appointed time and sought the residence of my friend's family.

The house at that particular moment never appeared to me so gloomy, so ancient, or weather-beaten. I cannot account for it, but the sight of the dark evergreens, the lavish odor of flowers from the garden, the closed shutters, the crape everywhere, all had a tendency to depress and overcloud me at once.

A sweet little elf of a girl ran down the gravel walk as I entered the gate, saying as she turned her pretty face to me and caught my hand:

"Say, did you bring my mamma home? and my papa?"

I stooped down to kiss her, but she broke from me, and stepped into the house.

It was Emmanuel's little Miriam.

I was startled at the resemblance to her mother; the same eyes and mouth, the same likeness and gentleness.

It will be proper to mention at this point of my narration, that my friend Emmanuel was the sole offspring of a Hebrew family, which relic of the old nation, glorying in its caste and religion, lived haughtily reserved and isolated, as a family reputed to be of considerable wealth and culture. A single stain once marred the white escutcheon of the proud Rach lineage; it was Emmanuel's marriage with the fair Rebecca. It was a crime hard to be forgiven, even by the doting mother, half jealous of the daughter-in-law, or by the stern old father, who spurned the girl's parent, either because he was poor, or on account of his not living in strict accordance with the Law of Moses. Mr. Rach imagined that Rebecca's father had swerved from the observance of the Holy Nation, and having insulted caste, caste had revenged itself relentlessly

But the gentleness, beauty, goodness and true religious fervor of Rebecca, soon won the hearts, first of the father and then of the mother of Emmanuel. The sweet influence of the young wife finally reconciled the two families, and Rebecca made herself the adored of the household.

Cousin Esther welcomed me, when I entered the house. We were not long in waiting for dinner, but I never *sat* down to a more dismal meal. I had no appetite, and no stimulus for one. I ventured to speak to the silent and thoughtful figure of Mr. Rach, who appeared to be entirely overcome by the shock of the calamity. In answer to some inquiries respecting the Jewish custom of the *Death-Watch*, he was kind enough to answer me thus:

"According to the sacred law of our Holy Religion, the dead are considered to be in keeping until the day of burial. In the Hebrew book, called the *Yoreh Diah*, is inscribed the law for the treatment of our dead. This law is also to be found in the *Sepher Chaim*, or 'Book of Life,' and it expressly says that persons must be appointed to watch the corpse carefully, in order to prevent animals or insects touching it, and that some one must be at hand to give immediate aid if any signs of life appear! This is the substance of the ordinance, Mr. Mason, but this is not all. The soul of the sanctified dead is yet present, in the region of the living, until the day when it is finally committed to the earth. Then it goes from us—betakes itself to other worlds. So that according to the poetry of our religion, we keep communion with that soul during the night vigil and are in its spiritual presence. This is the true belief of every devout Israelite."

The old gentleman was communicative no further. He bowed and shrank back into the gloom of his old revery. I turned to cousin Esther and said:

"The *Death-Watch* is common to all creeds I believe. It is a necessary precaution. But have you no express duties for the watchers?"

"No difficult or unpleasant ones," answered Esther in a low voice; "as far as my experience goes, it is only necessary to keep awake, and take care that the candles be not extinguished!" She added as we arose from the table:

"Poor, dear Rebecca used often to say it gave her a cold shivering horror to only go to the door of a dead chamber. For my part I am not the least afraid of it. Yet I think, Mr Mason, you had better take my advice, and bring some books with you, for the night watch is long and weary enough, and there are all kinds of dreary things to think about. I speak from experience. Last night I did not sleep a wink. That neighbor's dog, how it howled the whole night long. If it howls that way to-night, I shall go distracted! Come out on the porch, it is cooler there! We will go up about ten o'clock. That will be time enough!"

So we went out on the porch, and sat down and talked intermittently. When night came on, I began to experience the first impression of an impalpable dread, an uncontrollable, illy-defined nervousness, which gathered strength with the gathering darkness; so that when the time came for our vigil, it was only by a formidable effort of the will, that I was enabled to mount the stairs, led by Cousin Esther, and confront the horror that I had already shaped in my fancy.

When I entered the chamber of death, its strange atmosphere seemed instantly to stifle and overpower me, so terribly unwonted to my experience was this new sensation. The chamber was a little low-ceilinged apartment, in a remote wing of the house, overlooking the spacious garden. It was her chamber, and here was the bed with its mattress folded aside, the bare, vacant, tenantless bed, bereft of its occupant, its four solitary posts pointing weirdly and shadowy in the lurid glimmer of the fading candles.

What was that at the side of the bed?

There, supported on two chairs, lay an amorphous haunting bulk of white drapery, the utter whiteness of which outshone the ghastly candle light and made its presence felt everywhere.

The slim, yellow flames of two candles, one at the head, and one at the foot of the pale bulk, smoked ceilingwards. Under a single gasbracket near the window, was hung an old-fashioned watch, and at times its ticking was the only sound of life in the room. But there were sounds more ghastly than this.

I had taken Cousin Esther's advice, and had brought with me into the room, a book of caricatures, and a rollicking sensation novel which I found in the library. With these I hoped to divert my fancies to brighter channels. I looked at the watch. It marked the hour of ten. Cousin Esther and I sat down on a low lounge opposite the bed, and we talked softly together for some time about all the trifles we could imagine. It was terrible work, this forced conversation, in the presence of the beloved dead. Cousin Esther, a matter of fact, cosy and vivacious girl by nature, was on this occasion utterly transformed—prostrated by the terror and grief of the night before and the weariness of this day's labor. She was now pale, languid and taciturn. Talking seemed a great effort to us both. Therefore I was not surprised to see her, after a short interval of yawning gossip, close her eyes and fall into a sound slumber. I was alone with sleep and death! I turned for relief from the oppression I experienced to the book of caricatures—but how strangely out of place it seemed. I was so nervous, I could have flung the volume out of the window. I turned over the leaves mechanically, scarcely thinking at all of the designs. I was staring at the white mass at the side of the bed. I was thinking to myself, "The candles are getting low—have I nerve enough to go over there and replace them! How still is that white envelope, covering the beloved form! How agonizingly still. Not of tremor in the line of that black shadow a the fold! Not the faintest motion though I stare at it forever. I feel as though I should cry out. This silence is horrible. But now I hear the ticking of the watch, and it is something more dreadful to me than the silence and the inertness of the dead yonder."

I flung aside the comic folio. I considered it grotesque impertinence. I picked up in its stead the novel, opened its pages and began to read. Ah! this was refreshing; I know not why, but at that moment, the exaggerated tragedy, the theatrical bombast, the jerky puppet-like, wooden action of the characters, the pasteboard scenery, and the slang of the fiction were to me actually amusing; although at any other time I would have found the wretched story both an irritation and an insult. Sometimes I enjoy seeing a badly played tragedy. I read with a zest. I became quite absorbed in the fortunes of the hero of my novel, the great, muscular, handsome, wealthy, talented, irresistible duellist, lover and libertine, who has already slain two shadowy outlaws at the edge of a wood, and the sun scarcely an hour high. There is promise of rich doings in this book, and I begin to lose myself in the labyrinth of the story. But while I am devouring the seventh page and beginning to make the acquaintance of a certain candy heroine, sugar and paint combined, a sudden shiver runs through me, like the shock of a cold-bath. I drop the book. Could it be possible?

I heard as plain as plain could be, a *sigh*, a long drawn sigh, the effort of a person taking a deep breath. I glanced uneasily towards the dead. I listened breathlessly. The sound again, exactly like a human sigh! But my fancies are becoming troublesome. I must reassure myself. Ah! now I know. It is the night wind in the garden trees! But how like a sigh! Half-past eleven! Nearly six hours yet! Ah, me! I wearily resume my novel.

Now one very disagreeable sensation of this death-watch arose from the fact that the flickering candles and bright gas-jet near the window had the effect of attracting a host of winged creatures into the room; moths of all shapes and sizes, and uncouth beetles, that at times made a momentary riot in the silent apartment as they darted through the window against the candles and scorching their wings, dropped buzzing and fluttering upon the floor. Then there would be a lull, and I would resume my reading, sure to be startled again by a ghastly rustle over in the region of the dead, a sound to my excited fancy like an awakening motion of the body there, but which was only the struggle of a poor singed moth at the foot of the bed.

What is it so changes our blood in the presence of Death? Only a few weeks ago we laughed and chatted with this lovely woman, in the same room. She was arrayed for a ball, and she stood there, joking with her fond husband and glancing at her own beautiful face in that same mirror. Now, we come into the room with faltering steps. We are afraid! What, afraid of her whose hand only yesterday we touched, and whose presence was joy, comfort? Yes—afraid of her now, with that white pall over her, as she lies asleep yonder in the candle glare. We are cowards here!

I looked again at the watch. Only twelve! How wearily long were the solemn awful hours of this vigil of the dead!

One of the candles was now nearly extinguished, the other was drooping. I approached the dead, tremblingly. With nervous fingers I extracted the candle stumps, which seemed to me as if they obstinately resisted all effort to remove them, and I succeeded in inserting fresh lights. A morbid impulse came upon me to lift off the sheet from the face of the dead—a longing to see her countenance in the death-sleep. It cost me a mighty effort to get back to myself again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WAR STORY.

Men left to themselves are apt to lapse into imprudence to say the least. In our late war, a soldier passing over a bridge observed a young girl lading water from the river. In the spirit of frolic and mischief, he threw a large stone, intending it should startle her by making a sudden splash. But it struck her on the head and made a hideous wound. She fell into the river. The soldier, with an instinctive care for a consequence which owes its origin to the masculine sex, galloped on, feeling that he had been guilty of a wanton murder. The unknown consequences of his folly preyed upon his mind. His conscience was always upbraiding him. Years after, when discharged from the army, he settled down in Derby, Va. He took a public house in Bridge Gate, and after a short acquaintance with a woman of suitable age, got married. Very soon after their wedding he saw his wife combing her hair, and inquired how she got the great scar which disfigured one side of her head. She replied: "Some wretch of a soldier had once nearly killed her with a stone, but if ever she caught that man she would pay him off for it." It is not recorded how she punished her husband when he confessed being her assailant, or how great was his relief when the haunting thought of wanton murder was removed from his mind.

—In a debate on the Leather Tax, in 1795, in the Irish House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Plunkett, observed, with great emphasis, "That in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his last guinea to protect the remainder." Mr. Vandeleur said, "However that might be, the tax on leather would be severely felt by the barefooted peasantry of Ireland." To which Sir Boyle Roche replied that "This could be easily remedied by making the underleathers of wood."

OUR FASHION CHAT.

The reduction in the drapery on dresses and the short costume for street wear are among the most decided changes lately introduced by Fashion.

I have given several descriptions of costumes, among which the Empress was conspicuous, in which the absence of the abundant drapery used in the past was visible, and I am sure it is a style which will recommend itself to many of my readers who have not liked the elaborate drapery so long imposed by Fashion.

Of course much depends on the cut and fit of a dress which falls in unbroken folds to the feet, but its elegant symplicity and its merits of placing the weight of the dress on the shoulders, make it a style which many persons will find very desirable. But it is the short costume for the street which will prove one of the most welcome changes of the day. We are all votaries at the shrine of Fashion, and accept her decrees even in spite of good sense and reason, but how many times the long train of a walking dress, injured by its contact with the unclean pavement and the cramped condition of the hand in holding the dress, have been the cause of more than one anathema against the uncomfortable fashion which had made dresses such a length, and yet all submitted to it with only these murmurs of dissatisfaction, but now the capricious and despotic dame having finally taken the matter up, or rather the train up, one can adopt the short costume without being "out of the fashion."

To discuss still further the improvements made in some of the fashions of the day, there is another strong illustration in the comfortable character of the cloaks worn at present. Warm, capacious and comfortable in every respect they redeem the past follies of fashion when the street costume was worn with no additional wrap, and depended on some interlining for warmth.

It would not be amiss to mention that now the season is so far advanced that cloaks are selling at very low prices, and for a very moderate sum a handsome cloak can be purchased which will give good service for more than one season. I have seen some very desirable ones which have been reduced to a figure much below their original price. While discussing the subject of cloaks, I must not forget the "Ulster" which has made such decided and welcome improvements in the old style of waterproof, which to many of my country friends is such an indispensable article. The old style cut of a long circular with hood or cape, in which the figure was muffled and one's movements frequently encumbered, has given way to the warm, comfortable Ulster in which the sterner sex has found so much comfort. Its half-fitting cut to the figure, its capacious size and sleeves which give free movement to the arms; its useful number of pockets make it one of the most desirable style, for a comfortable weather-defying waterproof wrap. Many of them are cut with the three little capes graduating in size, the largest reaching to the elbow, and the smallest like a large collar; machine stitching in several rows, and buttons form the trimmings. These Ulsters are made in soft woollen materials, and vary in price beginning at $20 down to those of less sum, or they can be made from a pattern which I would be happy to send to any of my readers on receipt of the price.

Costumes for the festivities of "New Year's Day" have been the chief work of the modistes during the past week, and some very charming toilettes made their appearance on that occasion The fashion of introducing a variety of materials in one dress recommends itself for economy, and many an old dress reappears on the scene, which by the additional features of some of the new figured materials introduced here and there, has a fresh and novel effect. The introduction of the plastron or vest is one means of renovating a dress which has become worn in front, while the same figured material appears with a pretty and freshening effect in the cuffs, and the rest of the trimming, or if the dress is too scant, a breadth is added each side of some contrasting material, forming the panel trimming so much in vogue.

There are so many ways of renovating costumes which are *passe*, that fashion has certainly been touched sympathetically by the "hard times." One style which recommends itself to middle aged ladies is the long plastron inserted in the front of the dress the entire length, the fronts each side buttoning on the edge of this plastron which is of some effective contrast in material and color; it is a very effective way of freshening a black silk house dress. Satin is very much used in facing this plastron, and indeed it is said that satin has become one of the most popular materials for dresses suitable for dress occasions.

Some of the richest and most effective materials are shown for evening dresses, and the innumerable brocade designs which are visible in the heavy silk and velvet materials, have the same charming effect in thin gauzy fabrics. For costumes intended for dress occasions, the train is a necessity, and is cut either round or square, the former being trimmed, while the latter is plain, the trimming being confined to the sides and the front. Side pleatings, box pleatings, pipings and shirred ruffles trim the skirt according to fancy, but only in small quantity, while scarfs arranged in diagonal lines drape the front, and fall behind in points or square ends.

The charmingly pretty toilettes of white organdy and lace are still in favor with many, and indeed must be considered the most appropriate for young girls. Their effect can always be freshened by changing the pretty knots of ribbon which ornament them, in which two or more colors are used.

The world of pretty novelties in ornament seemed never so full of tempting attractions, and it is hard to resist the temptation which allures one to purchase.

In lace there is every variety of adornment for the neck, and with the charming addition of colors which has been introduced into lace as well as ribbon and jet, the most dazzling effect is produced.

In embroidered lace in bright colors worked in Tambour stitch there is every variety of scarf and pretty cravat, or fancy jabot. The wide lace collars are reproductions of olden days, and a fashion which has brought to light many a treasured piece of lace which had been lost to sight for many years, and kept only as an heirloom.

In jewelry the variety of novelties is equally great, and every device seems to have been used in the imitation of French gold and rolled gold. The exact reproduction of a gold necklace of exquisite design, the cost of which is $60 or $70, is to be had in rolled gold for $6 or $8.

The following models of costumes I think are worthy of mention: A costume of black silk was trimmed on the skirt with two gathered flounces headed by a band of black velvet. The princesse polonaise opens diagonally in front and is edged all around with a bias band of velvet, and a pleating of silk and bows of velvet at equal distances apart ornament the front where it is fastened, the back is caught up over the tournure by a bow of velvet.

A very pretty house dress is composed of steel grey cashmere and silk of a lighter shade. The cashmere skirt is bordered by a kilt pleating, headed by one of silk, above which is a box pleating bound each side with silk, the drapery of silk and cashmere is drawn full across the front, its edge being caught under the heading of the box pleating, and then falls behind in square ends over each other. The bodice has a silk plastron piped each side, and buttons which fasten it on the left side.

As the next number of the Post will pay a New Year's visit to its readers I cannot close my writing without wishing it may bring them pleasant auspices of a happy New Year, and the Fashion Chat which has helped to guide some of them in the past, may be a useful friend in the year to come.

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

A Chinese eating house is usually three stories. The first floor is for cooking, and the apparatus is very extensive. The second story has tables for the common folks. The third story is for grandees and distinguished people. The principal living is pork and chickens. The food is prepared in small saucers, and sells "two bits" for three dishes. A grand dinner was in preparation. The table was set for fifteen persons. Around each plate was a cluster of toy dishes, cups and glasses. The tea is steamed and then put into these tiny cups, and is said to be delicious. Amid the jargon of rude music the company, clattering like a cotton mill, sat, playing cards and dominoes. The men were rich merchants, and each had a woman with him—not his wife, but a companion whom he owned. These men buy their female associates as they do their horses.

Lodging-houses swarm with Chinese of the lower order, like bees. From ten to fifteen persons occupy each room. They sleep on shelves, and are crowded into every imaginable place. The room reeks with tobacco and opium smoke. Without a particle of ventilation, the stench is sickening, and the offices of nature are performed in a corner. All sorts of labor is carried on in the room, where all the people crowd. Chairs are mended, shoes soled and the buzz of the sewing machine blends with other noises.

Joss houses are numerous The principal temples are very costly. The fluting up is not unlike the altar of a Catholic Church. A carved, wooden image of Joss holds the place of honor over the altar. He sits on his haunches—a regular Mongolian—with a huge black beard covering his breast. He would not make a bad likeness of Bacchus. The likenesses of Joss are similar everywhere. The ornaments are gold, and the paintings—red and yellow—would adorn a circus. The names of prominent donors are conspicuously posted up.

The theatres are dark, dingy, without ornament or cleanliness. An ordinary dwelling, with the partitions removed, is filled with black benches. A narrow gallery fills three sides. The men sit down stairs. The women occupy the side gallery and sit alone. The stage has no curtains, no machinery. The plays run on from six days to twenty. The plays are usually the recital of some one's life, beginning with his progenitors. The tale is told by an actor who runs on by the hour in a falsetto voice, screeching like an owl. The orchestra, in the rear, consists of a few stringed instruments, and the music is discordant and distressing. The Chinamen do not occupy the seats, but sit on the backs with their feet on the benches. Thus perched up they crunch sugar-cane, and listen by the hour to the monotonous story. The women are silent as the grave, and pass their time listening and smoking.

All Chinamen can read and write in their own language. They claim 30,000 words, and these are used as signs. An ordinary accountant can keep easily the books of the heaviest merchant. They count by means of a frame filled with buttons. It is something like a school frame for adding and multiplying. They use no pen and no figures. They can add up the heaviest sum with the velocity of thought on the machine. They run an account from $1 to $15,000 with surprising accuracy. Some of the localities of Chinatown are positively dangerous, even with an officer. Among these is High Binder's Lane, where murders are often committed. It is the abode of the desperate and daring. Their numbers are countless. They have trap doors for the unwary and refuges in which they hide from the officers of the law. They come upon their victim in droves, rob him, maltreat him and sometimes scar him with their knives. They are out of sight in a moment, and look so much alike that no one can identify them. No Chinese was ever known to betray another or testify against him in court.

THE GOLD AND SILVER STICK.—The origin of the officers of the English Court known as Gold and Silver Stick, was the Rye House Plot for the destruction of Charles II, and his brother James, then Duke of York, on their return from Newmarket. After that event one of the captains of the Life Guards, carrying an ebony staff with a gold head, a junior officer with a silver-headed staff, and two brigadiers with ivory-headed truncheons, remained in immediate attendance on the Sovereign from morning until night. The brigadiers with the ivory-headed truncheons were dispensed with in the early part of George III.'s reign, but on all state occasions Gold Stick and Silver Stick—that is a colonel and lieutenant-colonel of the Household Brigade—are in attendence on the Queen.

A VENERABLE ROSE.—There is at Hildesheim Cathedral, Germany, a well known rose bush which is believed to be over 1,000 years old. In recent years it seems to have been getting into decrepitude, and fears have been entertained that it was going to die. The help of the most renowned gardeners has been called in to prevent this, if possible, and several foreigners have been on the spot for this purpose. Whether it be due to their endeavors or not, the old thing seems to have taken fresh heart again. Out of the root knobs of the bush a new sprout has appeared, which is growing so vigorously that there is good hope this venerable rose stock may yet "renew its youth."

—A cautious wife refused to permit her husband to go on a fishing excursion because he was very apt to get drowned when he went on the water, and, moreover, he did not know how to swim any more than a goose.

ANSWERS TO OUR INQUIRERS

L. G., (Fulton, Ark.)—A viscount is the title betwixt an earl and baron, inferior to the former, and of higher grade than the latter.

ED, (Monterey, Cal.)—Equal parts of pure glycerine and water, well shaken together, and applied to the roots of the hair every night, will remove dandruff.

P. S. D., (Fillmore, Minn.)—The meaning of the word Xantha, which is from the Greek, is "yellow." If used as a proper name, it would mean "golden-haired."

A. M. H., (Logan, O.)—A Roman Catholic may contract a second marriage, providing the wife or husband, as it may be, is dead, without committing a breach of discipline or doctrine.

HOWARD GILLOTT (Aroostook, Me.)—The Thirty Years' War in Germany was a religious war between Catholics and Protestants. It commenced in 1616, and did not terminate until 1648.

J. T. R.—The name Clough, according to precedent in similar combinations of final letters, would admit of being pronounced *clef, cluf, clo, clok, clou* or *cloy*. There is no rule governing such words.

INQUISITIVE LUCE, (Marion, Ky.)—The Great Exhibition of 1851, at London, Eng., was open 144 days—from the 1st of May to the 15th of October. It was closed to the public on the 11th of October in the same year.

HORN, (Fayette, Tex.)—It depends entirely on the agreement drawn up when he entered his apprenticeship. If you consider his master is not adhering to his agreement, it would best to consult a solicitor as to what course to adopt.

A. S. Y., (Wicomico, Md.)—A knot is nearly equivalent to a mile. A ship's reckoning is kept according to the laws of navigation, which is a science in itself, and to be learnt like algebra and Euclid. It cannot be explained in half-a-dozen lines.

KYTRO, (Genessee, Mich.)—To qualify yourself for a civil engineer, you must study geometrical drawing, statistics, and dynamics thoroughly. You will not do much with such an intricate science unless you place yourself under some efficient teacher.

A CLERK, (Venango, Pa.)—The present edifice known as the Bank of England, was finished in 1821 by Sir John Sloane. The Bank of England was projected by a Scotchman named William Paterson, 1694. The name of bank is derived from the Latin word *bancs*.

IRENE, (Colbert, Ala.)—It would be well to ask for your letters, and to give the gentleman to understand that you twice disapproved of his conduct, and will not put up with it. Until you have done this, you are not justified in accepting attention from any one else.

FAIRY, (Sevier, Tenn.)—Emeline signifies "melodious;" Eliza, "a worshipper of God;" Edwin, "gainer of property;" Alfred, "good counsellor;" Herbert, "glory of the army;" Henry, "chief of a house;" James, "a supplanter;" William, "helm of many;" Walter, "ruling the host."

N. W., (Dutchers, N. Y.)—Alchemy was the pretended art of making the precious metals and universal medicines. The word is derived from the Greek *Kemeia*, "chemistry," to which the Arabic article *al* became somehow or another prefixed. The pretended art was, therefore, most probably of Arabian origin.

CHARLIE RICHARDS, (Carroll, N. H.)—Never marry a woman older than yourself, particularly when the difference amount to so much as fourteen years. Before you were married twelve months to such a one, you would lose any little affection you may now feel for her, and each year, as it made her older, would increase your unhappiness.

WYCH NELL, (Adams, Ill.)—We advise you to accept the attentions of the gentleman who now offers them, as it is most probable that the previous one has changed his mind. We do not see that the difference in stature between the gentleman and yourself need influence you against him. Should you marry him, he will stoop to you every time he desires to kiss you; just the thing the ladies wish their husbands to do.

KING, (Roswell, Ga.)—If you have some ability at caricature, the best plan for you to get before the public, would be for you to send specimens of your work to the various Illustrated New York papers. If they saw merit in what you did they would, no doubt, soon find an opening for you. In case you were engaged, it is possible that you might be able to do all required of you without changing your residence.

BLANCHE, (Alleghany, Pa.)—1. The inventor of lithography was a German named Alois Senneefelder, who introduced it there about the year 1796. 2. The most prominent of the ancient poets said to have been blind, was Homer, the author of the Iliad and Odyssey. 3. The largest army mentioned in ancient history, was that of Xerxes, King of Persia, in his invasion of Greece. Various writers put the number at from five hundred thousand to three million souls.

VERNON, (Franklin, Va.)—It is said that the Aztecs—who were exhibited some years ago, were the degenerated offspring of an ancient American race, who had preserved a niche of this continent to themselves, and married and intermarried until their progeny had become dwarfs. This statement may have been made for the purpose of adding interest to their exhibition, for there were not wanting many who declared them to be the deformed offspring of Jews, a theory to which the cast of their features gave a great amount of confirmation.

CARLYLE, (Pleasance, O.)—To secure the services of a detective, you need only write a letter directed to the Chief of Police of Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, or any other large city. You might possibly arrange the matter by letter, but it would be much better, and a great deal cheaper, to have a personal interview, and arrange the business properly at once. As to the question of pay, this will altogether depend on the work to be done, and its difficulty. The matter would, necessarily, be kept strictly private, and there is no likelihood that the charges would be more than a person of moderate means could pay.

ANNIE LYLE, (KNOX, Ohio.)—1. If your cheeks are a natural, healthy red, we should say by no means try to make them pale. 2. Bleeding at the nose is often caused by sudden heat or exercise, as it is a natural means of curing the plethoric state of the blood-vessels of the head. It is only when excessive it needs to be checked. To effect this, bathe the face, nose, and forehead freely with cold water, and if the bleeding is obstinate, a wet towel should be laid suddenly over the shoulders, or on the spine between the neck and shoulders. Sometimes the mere dropping a cold key down the back will produce an immediate suppression of the discharge.

A. EDWARDS, (Osage, Mo.)—We believe that it has been settled, by authority, that "in the ancient battles, Persian, or Grecian," to quote your words, by far the most terrible slaughter took place. A battle resolved itself into a multitude of single combats, and sometimes, as, later on, at Flodden (also at Cannæ and Issus), "the Scots, around their king, unbroken fought in desperate ring," vanquished and victors fought till the very last; hence the bloodshed was dreadful, and the defeat complete. Now-a-days, except when hemmed in between two armies and their artillery fires, as at Sedan through bad generalship, the leaders soon find out their relative strength and position, and accept defeat scientifically.

OLGA AND MORA, (Haralso, Ga.)—Lady Godiva was the wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and Lord of Coventry, Eng. He laid heavy taxes on the citizens, and would not remit them even at the request of his wife, the Lady Godiva, who was as beautiful as she was modest, but on the condition of her riding naked through the city, which he thought she would never submit to. She, however, determined to do so, and on the occasion all the doors and windows were shut, and Camden, the historian, says that nobody looked after her. The tradition is, that a tailor was caught peeping, and that he was struck blind. He is commemorated in an effigy, protruding from a window in the High street, and is called Peeping Tom of Coventry.

BAYSWATER, (Orange, Ind.)—The Hebrew, like the Greek notation, was by letters with dots and marks. Hence "five thousand" and "five hundred thousand" might easily be mistaken in copying; and the number in 2 Chron. xiii. 17 may have been thus easily exaggerated. A slaughter of five hundred thousand chosen men in one battle, counting twenty-five per cent. slain—a very great slaughter—(in the Franco-Prussian war, at Worth and Sedan, eight and nine per cent. were reckoned high; in the Shipka Pass, six days' hard fighting gave only thirty-three per cent.)—would demand an army of two million, or, if half were slain, of a million. This, as you note, is not probable, although there can be little doubt that in those days Judea was very fertile and extremely populous. It is proposed to change the numbers in verse three, to forty, eighty, and fifty thousand—omitting the three oughts respectively. The total adult male population at the time was 1,570,000, according to the census of David. The latest commentators say that the numbers at verse 17 relate to the entire Israelitish loss in the whole war, which, probably, continued through the entire reign of Abijah. It may well be thus read.